AUG. 5,
1939

Liberty

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VHY BRITAIN EEDS RUSSIA

by

NTHONY EDEN

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IRTH CONTROL, LOVE, and MARRIAGE

by

Mahatma Gandhi

and

Margaret Sanger

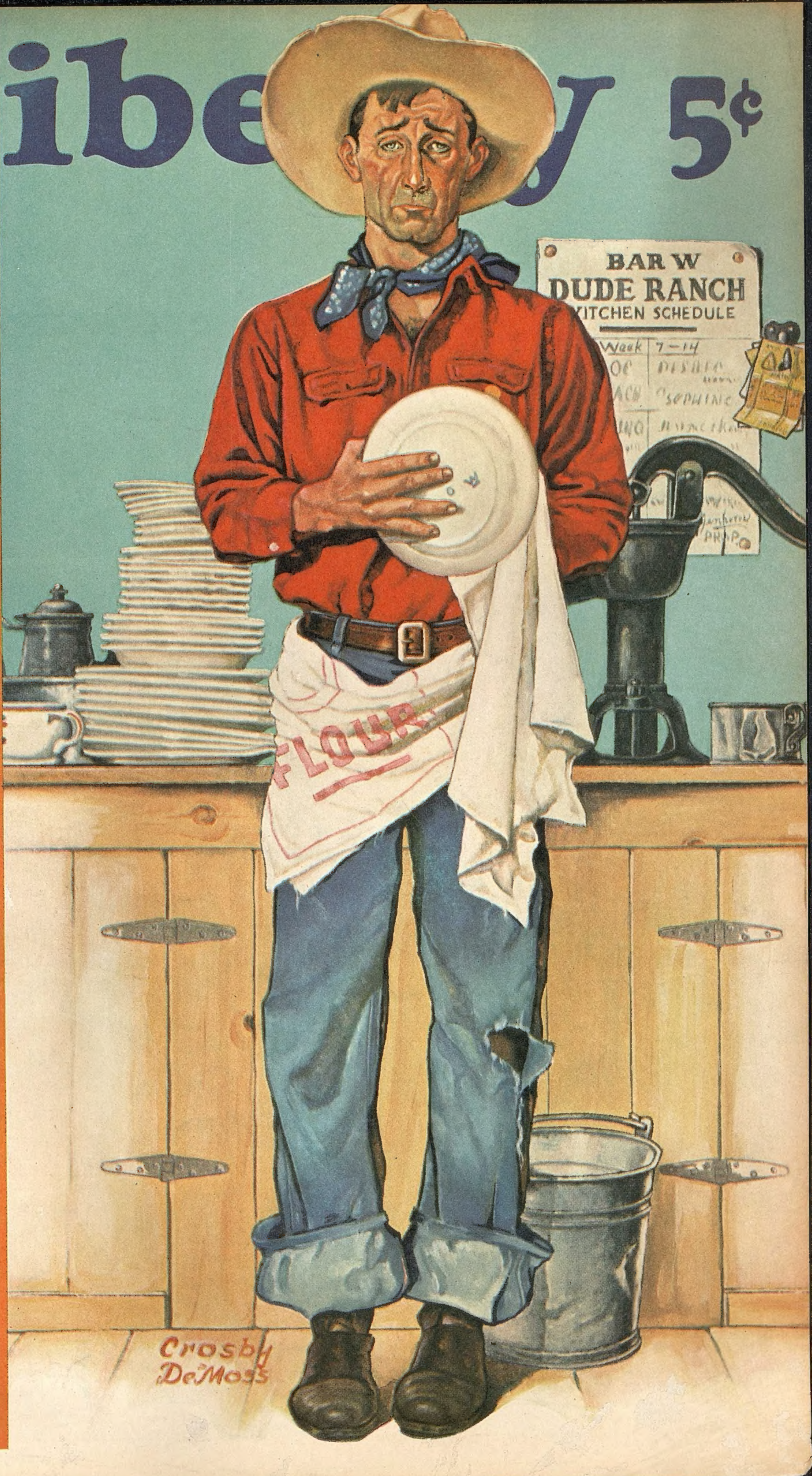
★

HELL'S BARGAINERS

by

SAMUEL LEIBOWITZ

The Criminal Lawyer Strikes Out at Lawyer-Criminals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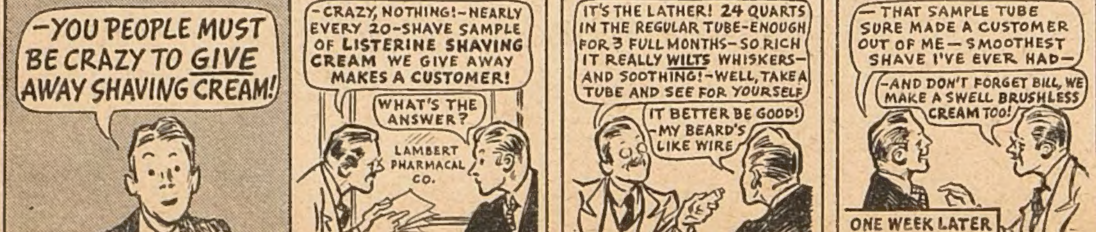
LISTERINE THE TESTED TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF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AUGUST 5, 1939

Liberty

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

BILLIONS of IDLE CAPITAL WAITING...WAITING

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The millions of unemployed in this country are with us largely because of what might be termed financial stagnation.

Billions upon billions of idle money are lying in banks or invested in frozen securities, and all through the six long years of the present administration there has been no really intelligent effort to alleviate this serious situation.

The attack on business was the beginning of a series of legal enactments which drove the investor to cover. Why should he risk his money if he did not believe there was a good chance to secure a reasonable profit?

The entire investment world was encompassed with a dark cloud of fear. Not only the ordinary sources of taxation were boosted to the limit, but what we term punitive taxes were placed on our statute books . . . more and more discouragement was passed out to the world of business and industry. There was apparently no sympathetic understanding of the requirements necessary to increase employment, and to the ordinary intelligent citizen it seemed as though every possible means was adopted to discourage business men in all fields of endeavor.

The fact that the liberal promotion of business and increased investment would enormously add to employment was not given the slightest consideration.

We have had billions of dollars spent in what is termed pump-priming.

Suppose the pump-priming money that was spent in wild experimentation had been used each year to lower taxation. The millions of dollars spent in reducing taxation would have given a stimulus to business that might have brought money in increased taxes far in excess of the amount used to lower taxes.

And, furthermore, it would have convinced business leaders that the government was in favor of giving a fair deal to employers as well as employees . . . that there was no intention on the part of officials to set one group apart and favor it against other groups. All the investors of this country need is to be assured there will be a continuance of the American system . . . they can then be free of the possible danger of having whatever they might earn through investment confiscated through high taxes.

One or a number of addresses by the President or his official assistants will not eliminate the fear that has given us a stagnant pool of idle money. Something more substantial and dependable is required to loosen this colossal financial accumulation . . . to clear away the barriers that have dammed up these huge resources. When that is done there will be a business boom in this country greater than history has ever recorded.

Investors everywhere are holding up their plans, waiting for an assurance of that nature. An investor does not like to hoard his money. He wants to place it where a reasonable profit can be assured.

Previous to the present administration, capital was the favorite . . . now labor is favored over and above capital. There should be no favoritism on either side. We should all be Americans. A fair field and no favor.

Nearly all our great capitalists were at one time in overalls. . . . They grew up from the bottom; and unless we can maintain this system where every citizen is allowed the privilege of working out his own salvation, creating his own career in accordance with his individual intelligence, the marvelous success we have made as a nation will soon be but little more than a historical record.

Bernarr Macfadden

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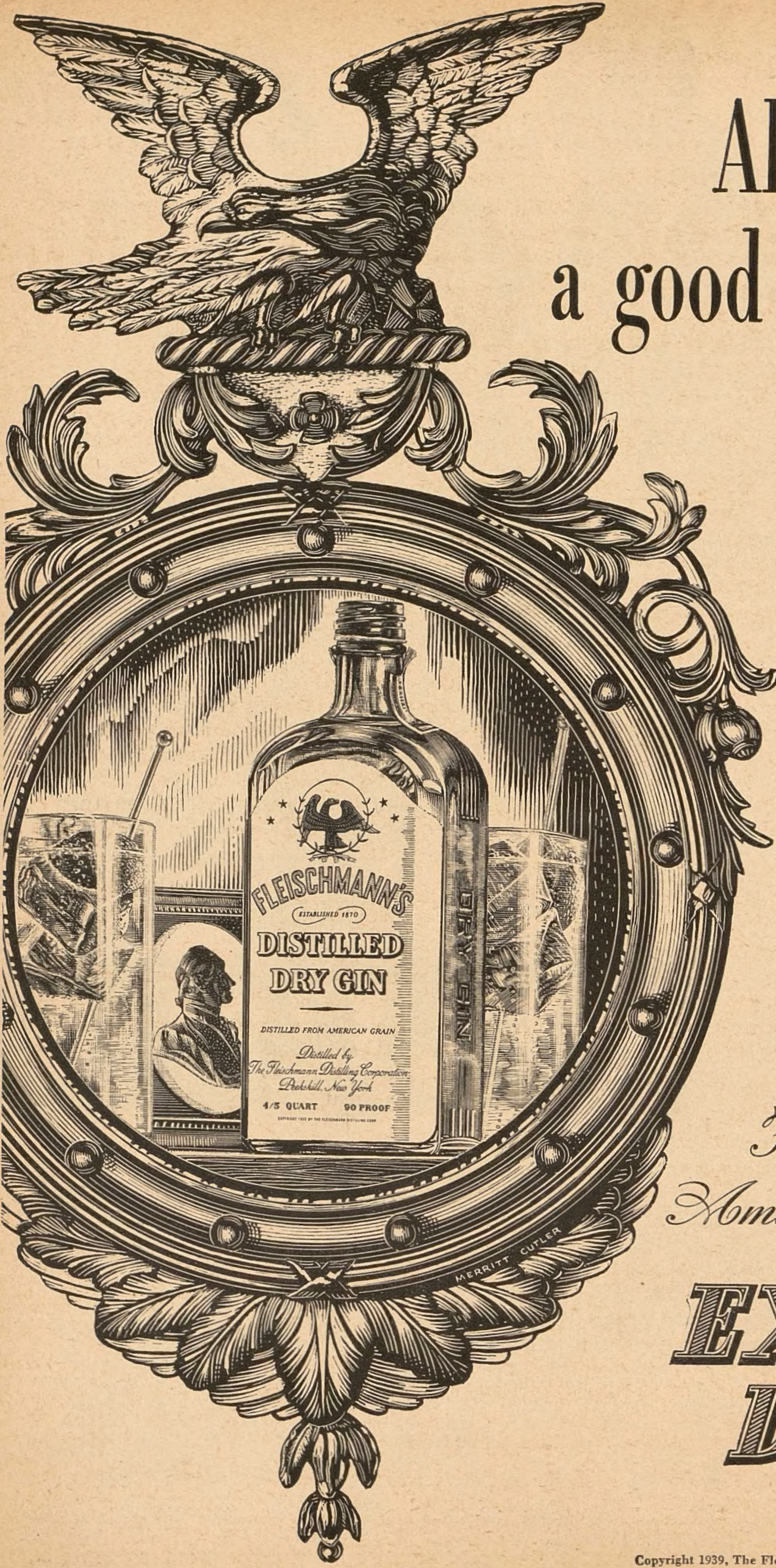
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CHARLES LASALLE

HELL'S BA

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART ONE—CRIMINAL LAWYERS AND LAWYER-CRIMINALS

I WALKED out of a Brooklyn courtroom one night completely baffled. Every criminal lawyer loses cases, but I couldn't, for the life of me, understand how I'd lost this one.

It hadn't been an important case—hadn't even been a murder case—but I had worked hard on it. Very hard. I had been convinced beyond doubt of the innocence of my client. There was a great preponderance of evidence to show that he was innocent. I had dumped every bit of that evidence into the laps of the jury, and waited confidently for them to say, " Not guilty! "

Instead, they had packed the defendant off to prison.

Blustering rain slashed against me as I pushed through the street door of the courthouse. There was a taxicab at the curb, and I sprinted for it and was inside before I found that the taxi was already occupied.

Its occupant was a member of the jury that had just convicted my client.

We were going in the same direction. He invited me to share his cab. I accepted. Not a word was spoken about the trial. We got the weather out of the way and then settled down to a pleasant discussion of the Brooklyn ball club. When the cab stopped in front of his home, he said:

" Do you know, Mr. Leibowitz, that in these few minutes I've formed an entirely different impression of you? "

" Have you? "

" Yes. You're all right." He grinned a bit sheepishly. " But I voted against your client."

" How come? "

" Well," he explained, " we figured it out this way: He hired Samuel S. Leibowitz, so he must be guilty."

" He happened to be innocent," I said. " Thanks for the cab. Good night."

Riding home in the rain that night, I probed the incident. The more I probed, the less I liked it. In the mind of the man who had sat beside me in the taxicab, the fellow who had been convicted had hired me because he was guilty. Therefore it followed that Samuel S. Leibowitz was a lawyer who took guilty men under his wing and by some sort of shady magic thwarted justice and set those men free.

I was a criminal lawyer—and proud of my profession.

But to the man in the taxicab I had been a lawyer-criminal—a shifty, furtive individual who bribed officials, corrupted judges, hired glib perjurers, and committed every legalistic crime in the calendar in order that my criminal clients might go free.

To keep the popular misconception alive, I should even then have been riding toward some Broadway night club, an underworld rendezvous, where I would become uproariously drunk while dandling a chorus girl on one knee, a professional killer on the other.

Instead, I was riding to a quiet home and a charming wife and three children—of whom I happen to be quite proud—in Brooklyn.

I was concerned principally about the effect which that failure to distinguish between criminal lawyers and

All America is asking, "What is wrong with the law? With our courts?" In this series one of the most famous criminal lawyers, with amazing frankness, answers

BY SAMUEL S. LEIBOWITZ

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

The lawyer-criminal lounges in night clubs with criminal big shots. It flatters their vanity to introduce cronies to this better educated man.

RGAINERS

lawyer-criminals would have upon future clients of mine. Losing a case is one thing; losing a man's freedom or life is something else. So, upon my next appearance in court as a trial lawyer, I added a new question to the many I put to prospective jurors.

"Will you," I demanded, "be prejudiced against this defendant because I am his lawyer?"

Sure enough, one talesman answered: "Yes!"

And right there you have one of the most ghastly situations in American jurisprudence today.

If, in this series of articles, I seem violently indelicate, believe me when I say that I am not striking a self-righteous holier-than-thou pose. Any decent and competent surgeon can recognize the quack he abhors. He knows that quack's unscrupulous methods and he knows such a quack does irreparable damage to the whole field of medicine. It is the same in the profession of law; but no lawyer so far has dared publicly to drag the renegade of his profession into the headlight of publicity. I am going to break with that tradition. It is time some one did it, for the lawyer-criminal is not the problem of us lawyers alone but one vitally affecting every honest man and woman and child in America.

One J. Richard (Dixie) Davis, a lawyer, takes the witness stand in a New York City courtroom during the trial of Tammany district leader James J. Hines. And from the lips of Dixie Davis pours a weird and sordid story. A whole nation listens to it.

Dixie Davis is a fixer, an intermediary, a go-between running from politician to criminal. He is a "mouthpiece." "The Kid Mouthpiece," they call him; he is only thirty-three. By his own sworn testimony he has been a perjurer, a fugitive from justice, a criminal and a consort of criminals. As a mouthpiece for Dutch Schultz' policy racket, he helped make it possible for "the Dutchman" and his thugs to milk the poor of Manhattan of their pennies and nickels in a gamble they had no possible chance of beating.

He met and conferred with and advised Dutch Schultz when the latter was a fugitive from justice. He went to Washington and tried to avert criminal prosecution of Schultz on income-tax violation charges.

Disbarred in the fall of 1937, he himself vanished, deserting a wife from whom his fondness for Broadway night life had separated him. Captured in an apartment in Philadelphia, he was dragged by police from his bed as unceremoniously as any other criminal. His companions in that apartment were George Weinberg, an acknowledged crook, and Hope Dare, a show girl.

Indicted, returned to New York facing twenty-five years of imprisonment, he squealed on Hines to save his own neck.

A weird and sordid story indeed. An astounded public grows indignant, shakes its head, and mutters:

"What rascals these criminal lawyers are!"

Yet Dixie Davis was not, by any reasonable definition, a criminal lawyer at all. He was simply a criminal who happened also to be a lawyer—a lawyer-criminal. But the public reads of his perfidy and fails to see much difference between Dixie Davis, the lawyer-criminal, and a man, let us say, like the late Clarence Darrow, who was a great criminal lawyer.

Don't blame the public. The average layman forms his opinions of criminal lawyers from what he reads in the newspapers and from the distorted characterizations that Hollywood flashes upon motion-picture screens.

The blame for our lawyer-criminals lies squarely at the feet of the legal profession itself. And, to the everlasting shame of a glorious profession, it must be conceded that the blame has lain there for years. It is time—if a long-suffering and confused public is to retain any respect whatever for the practice of criminal law in America—for our bar associations to clean house. The lawyer-criminal could be smoked out of every large city in this country tomorrow. And the only price of keeping him out would be eternal vigilance.

The harm he does is incalculable. Because he connives and cheats and bribes, because he perverts and upsets justice, the whole practice of criminal law is smeared. To a properly revolted and disgusted public, every lawyer defending a man charged with crime falls under the cloud of suspicion. And the consequence is that some innocent men go to prison. A man in a taxicab says to me: “We figured it out this way: He hired Samuel Leibowitz, so he must be guilty.”

NINE out of ten of my own clients labor under the same confusion, the same inability to distinguish between the honest criminal lawyer and the disreputable lawyer-criminal. They come to my office, these people or their relatives, and their stories are stories of great trouble. They are suffering from a serious legal illness. I must cure them. Most of them haven't a sou marqué in their jeans, but I can fix everything, so they think.

“Look what you did for Vera Stretz. And Robert What's-His-Name. You know,” they remind me; “that nut that killed the artist's model and her mother and stabbed the boarder to death with an ice pick. If ever a man was guilty . . . phew! But you saved him from the chair, didn't you?” They recall details of my cases that I have long since forgotten myself. They know exactly how many men and women charged with murder I have defended. “One hundred and forty, isn't it?” And how many of those men and women I have won acquittals for. One hundred and sixteen, they tell me.

These clients of mine may be perfectly innocent, but they don't hesitate to hire me under the obvious belief that I can get them off by some sort of magic, some sort of not-quite-honest legerdemain. It's no use telling them that Vera Stretz committed a justifiable homicide. It's no use telling them that Robert Irwin was legally as innocent of first-degree murder as the pastor of their church.

But I do spend my first hour with them disabusing their minds.

“Now look,” I will tell a client. “You say you are innocent of this murder the cops charge you with. All right, let's assume you are. I'm not clairvoyant. I have no crystal ball. I'll have to take your word for it. But get this: I'm going to check your story six ways. And that story had better be the truth.

“I don't fix cases. If you want a fix, shop somewhere else. Your story is that you're innocent. And we're going into court with it. God help you if you lie to me, because the district attorney is no fool. He'll take your story and rip it to shreds. And you with it. You lie, and you'll burn in the chair. Is that clear? Good! Now:

“Out of eight million people in New York, the cops have to pick you and say you did this murder. How do you explain that?” . . .

The cross-examination is on. I become, for the moment, the district attorney. My client becomes the defendant on the stand. I hammer him with questions. I seek to trap him in lies. I draw out his whole story. I make him repeat it, to see how he tells it the second time. I dig into his intimate past. I explore his motives.

WHEN I finish with him, if his story still stands up, then it is likely that he *is* innocent and that a jury will believe him.

I offer him no promises. A man charged with a serious crime is under terrific emotional stress. He'll throw his last penny on the table if you assure him that you'll get him off. Every shyster lawyer in the business knows—and profits by—that.

But any man who signs a contract in my office, retaining me to defend him, reads on that contract these words: “No guaranties given.” It is there in bold-face type and in six foreign languages. His receipt specifies: “No guaranties in this or any other criminal case.”

I am not interested in his fee alone. I am interested primarily in the story he tells. I can't take chances on it. It must be a credible story, for I have to make a jury believe it in open court. And in the courtroom I, as a criminal lawyer, am utterly at the mercy of the district attorney.

If I help a man frame a story and bolster it with false witnesses, then I have committed subornation of perjury and will be disbarred and sent to prison.

How about bribing a juror? That's one way of winning cases. It's simple. You pay this one juror and then you don't even have to work hard on the case, because the bribed juror holds out for acquittal. There's a disagreement. The case is tried a second time. It is hackneyed by now. Witnesses have disappeared, the defense knows the state's entire case, and the second jury says: “One jury has already disagreed. There must be some doubt as to his guilt, so we'll acquit him.”

Simple, eh?

Don't you believe it! When the district attorney has put in an air-tight case, he knows it. And when the jury comes back and is polled, and eleven jurors say they wanted to send the defendant to the chair but this twelfth juror held out for acquittal, the district attorney knows what has happened. So does the judge, the bailiff, the newspapermen—even the courthouse janitor.

From then on, that juror is a marked man. If he has committed the crime of accepting a bribe from an unscrupulous defense attorney, he's undoubtedly committed other crimes. The district attorney finds out what they were—and then clubs him over the head with them. And, to save his skin, the juror squeals on the defense attorney. And the attorney is through, finished. Disgrace, disbarment, jail.

That hung-jury business is the sort of stuff you see in the movies. In real life it rarely happens. I can recall, in the last quarter century, only one defense attorney who specialized in hung juries. He was the exception to the rule—an amazing man who not only was a brilliant criminal lawyer but an unscrupulous lawyer-criminal as well. He died broken, disgraced.

In defending 140 men and women charged with murder I have had exactly two jury disagreements. And they were not eleven to one for conviction. They were eight to four and nine to three for acquittal.

The legitimate criminal lawyer goes into court to try a case. He pleads, he reasons, he talks to the jury like a combination father-and-salesman. But he fights his defendant's battle with clean hands. He has to, for he's standing under a glaring arc light of publicity.

The lawyer-criminal does not try a case in an open courtroom before a jury. His job is to prevent the case from ever reaching a jury. He fixes the case before it can come to trial.

PERHAPS you are saying: “But what of Dixie Davis? He tried cases, didn't he?”

I'll answer your question with a question:

How many cases did Dixie Davis ever try?

True, he appeared in Magistrates' Court as attorney for men charged with participating in the policy or numbers game. Sometimes he appeared for as many as ten to fifteen a week. And his success was phenomenal. Case after case was dismissed.

But did Dixie Davis try those cases? He did not. They never reached the point of trial. They were dismissed “for lack of evidence.”

Some cop had arrested these policy-game collectors or runners and dragged them into court. Dixie Davis appeared as attorney for the arrested men. The case was called. The judge listened solemnly as the arresting officer, under oath, gave his testimony. When the cop had finished, Dixie Davis said:

“I make a motion to dismiss this complaint.”

“ Motion granted,” said His Honor.

And the case went out the window!

It is what is known, in the parlance of the Magistrates' Courts, as “ easing a case out ”; giving it “ the heave-ho.” Multiply it by 100,000 and you will have a faint idea of what is happening to justice every year in many very large cities. A lawyer-criminal has conspired with either a policeman-criminal or a judge-criminal to make a farce of justice!

Let me show you the simple mechanics of “ easing a case out.” The mechanics of a system that must cost the American public a goodly portion of its fifteen-billion-dollar annual crime toll.

TAKE a gambling case of another kind for illustration. The arrested man runs a barbershop. He is suspected of taking a bet on a horse. A cop on the Vice or Gambling Squad has brought him in. The cop testifies:

“ I had the defendant under observation from 10 A. M. until 10.50 A. M. I was standing on the sidewalk on the other side of the street. The defendant was standing outside the barbershop. I saw an unknown man approach. He handed the defendant a folded bill in United States currency and a slip of paper. The unknown man then left. I approached the defendant and searched him. I found a ten-dollar bill in his pocket and a slip containing the name Black Lily. Black Lily is the name of a horse scheduled to run that afternoon in the fifth race at the Empire City race track. I asked the defendant what he was doing, and he said this unknown man had paid him back a loan of ten dollars. I introduce this ten-dollar bill and this slip of paper in evidence.”

That is the lawyer's cue. He makes a motion for dismissal. The motion is immediately granted, for there is no evidence to connect the ten-dollar bill with an actual bet on a horse. The policeman didn't hear the unknown man express a wish to bet that amount on the horse. How could he? He was across the street. And if he had, he would have omitted it from his testimony.

For this little Magistrates' Court drama is not what it seems. The cop knows he is not presenting a case against the defendant. The defendant knows it. The defendant's lawyer knows it. And the magistrate knows it.

Then what is happening? Simply this: A policeman-criminal, helped by a lawyer-criminal, is easing out a case. Why did he bring the defendant into court if he had no intention of trying to convict him?

So that he, the cop, could make ten dollars; so that the lawyer could make fifteen or twenty-five; so that the whole illegal business of gambling would pay dividends not only to the racketeers at its helm but to the police officers—and sometimes judges—sworn to stamp out gambling. And, of course, to the lawyer-criminal.

Do not misunderstand me. Crooked policemen like crooked lawyers are in the minority. New York City's Finest have come by that name deservedly, and the most honest policeman in the world may give testimony that is insufficient upon which to convict, because of a system that compels him to make a specified number of arrests in order to hold his detail on the special squad to which he may belong.

Mr. Leibowitz Talks to a Jury.

You may protest that the case of a ten-dollar horse bet is not much of an illustration. But ponder it for a moment, soberly. What are the businesses from which the biggest racketeers in organized crime today derive their incomes? They are gambling, policy, vice, dope. Policy alone did a $100,000,000 annual business in New York City.

Control of the numbers and vice and dope rackets helped such a notorious criminal as Dutch Schultz to wax prosperous and powerful.

Yet the mechanics of throwing a case out the window have not varied much since the days when prohibition turned America into the most criminal-infested country in the world.

Do you want to see for yourself a lawyer-criminal in operation?

All you have to do is go into the police court of your nearest large city. Watch for specific types of cases. Any types you wish, but particularly gambling or vice cases. You will find, for example, that practically all of the prostitutes arrested will be represented by one or two lawyers who easily win their clients dismissal after dismissal. Not every lawyer who defends a great number of gambling or vice cases is a crooked lawyer. You quickly learn to distinguish.

You'll see for yourself how a case is given the heave-ho. You'll see the whole rotten phony set-up. You can't miss seeing it, for the typical lawyer-criminal almost invariably associates himself (as did Dixie Davis with the numbers racket) with one particular type of crime. He becomes the mouthpiece of one branch of a tightly organized underworld.

And when that happens, he changes from lawyer to criminal. He becomes part of the gang.

One lawyer I know of, in New York City, was hired in almost every arson and stolen-goods case.

In Brooklyn, nearly every pickpocket that was brought into court was represented by a particular lawyer. That lawyer was the mouthpiece of the pickpocket trust.

Surely I have made it obvious enough by now. The lawyer-criminal is the easiest person in the world to spot. He could be wiped out tomorrow. And if he were, and if the crooked cop who works with him were replaced with an honest officer, organized crime would be cut off from its sources of revenue with dizzying suddenness.

Why isn't it done? I don't know!

Your professional criminal, according to a popular fallacy, hires the best criminal lawyer in America. That is not usually true. He doesn't want a reputable criminal lawyer. He wants a man who will, by bribery, by corruption of officials, by legal technicalities, by sly and furtive tricks, prevent his case from ever coming to trial.

LET me illustrate from my own experience:

Some years ago I was retained by relatives of a man arrested on a charge of murder. They swore he was innocent. Their story sounded all right. Further, it looked as though a couple of detectives had pulled the thick-witted business of beating up the arrested man.

I accepted the case. I appeared in court and obtained the court's permission to have the man examined by a physician. I went to the jail and saw the man.

After he had been arraigned on the murder charge there were a number of adjournments. Finally the day came when a preliminary hearing was to be held.

Now, every criminal lawyer worthy of the name is eager for his client to have the privilege of a preliminary hearing in Homicide Court. The district attorney can take away that privilege by the simple process of ushering his witnesses into the grand jury room and letting them tell their stories. If the grand jury, meeting secretly, feel they have been shown sufficient cause, an indictment will be handed down. The case is then out of the jurisdiction of the Homicide Court, and the privilege of a preliminary hearing is gone.

In this instance, however, the district attorney expressed willingness to hold a preliminary hearing in open court. At that hearing he would have to present enough of his evidence to make a prima facie case. And that is what I, as defense attorney, was eager to find out: what cards he held against my client.

I didn't find out. My client had retained another lawyer and had waived his right to a preliminary hearing upon that lawyer's suggestion.

That was enough for me. "This is no place for you, Sam," I told myself. "The fix is in." I withdrew from the case at once. It went directly to the grand jury. And the grand jury refused to indict. The case had been deliberately butchered, manhandled, eased out in the grand jury room. The man went free.

But not for long. A scandal broke, featured by charges of conspiracy, bribery, and jury-fixing. This time my ex-client was indicted and ordered to stand trial for murder. He found his position reversed. He could no longer use a fixer. He needed desperately, now, a reputable criminal lawyer. His friends pleaded with me to take the case.

"I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole," I told them.

An inquiry into the case later brought out some interesting testimony. On the day of this man's first arrest, after I had left him, he had turned to a friend and said:

"That lawyer's not worth a nickel. I need a fixer."

I had won acquittals for more than one hundred men and women charged with murder. But I wasn't worth a nickel to this man, because he knew I wouldn't fix his case. Sometimes I think that that left-handed observation is the finest compliment that has ever been paid me.

Because of its shysters, its tricksters, its Dixie Davises, the glorious profession of criminal law has been dragged repeatedly through the mire.

Yet criminal law is not one whit worse than any other branch of law or any other business. It is the criminals in my beloved field who rate the biggest headlines. That's human nature, I suppose. Yet there are plenty of shysters in other fields, lawyer-criminals as insidious as Dixie Davis who are members of exclusive clubs; who roll up to the doors of bar associations in expensive limousines.

They fairly glisten with respectability. Yet, for a fat price, they will advise a sharpshooting corporation how to freeze out the goats in some financial scheme. Or, in probate practice, they will maladminister the estate of a deceased person and milk his widow and orphaned children dry. All within the law.

YET it is criminal law that invariably takes the rap. And that is why it is to the interest of every criminal lawyer to crack down on the lawyer-criminal, to urge his bar association to clean house at once.

I do not recall having read anywhere an account of how the lawyer-criminal comes into existence. Let's take the case of Dixie Davis and contrast his career with my own. I became a criminal lawyer. He took another fork in the road and became a lawyer-criminal.

Dixie Davis, a younger man than I, was born of humble but quite respectable Jewish parents. So was I. Davis' boyhood was spent in a small upstate New York village; mine was spent in Manhattan's turbulent lower East Side. His father was a tailor. My father started his career in America as a small merchant.

He went to New York Law School, from which he was graduated with high honors. I took law at Cornell and also was graduated with high honors. He passed his bar examinations. So did I. He entered the office of a lawyer to begin at the bottom—as a law clerk. So did I.

Now, I don't know what salary Dixie Davis received as a clerk. I do know what I received—five dollars a week! I quit when my employer refused me a raise of one dollar.

YEAR after year, the law schools grind out fresh batches of young lawyers. And there simply isn't enough business to go around. These youngsters leave school, their hearts and minds filled to bursting with idealism. They want to do great and honorable things. I know I did. I am sure Dixie Davis did. And what happens?

They become office boys. Nothing more. They help the stenographer lick stamps. They mail letters. My own pride was cut to the quick daily when the boss opened his door, looked at me with a vague "Hey, you!" and told me to run downstairs and get the afternoon newspapers.

He was talking to me! To me, whose family had scrimped and invested $5,000 in my education! An education that had filled me with visions of becoming a great member of a great and honored profession!

Somehow I got through the humiliating business of a clerkship. So did Dixie Davis. I became an employee of a law firm. So did he. And I found, as he must have found, that I was still a forgotten man. After three years of being a lawyer I was earning exactly thirty-five dollars a week.

So I did what Dixie Davis later was to do. I opened up an office of my own. And then I really discovered how tough this business of trying to be a lawyer could be. Clients stayed away from my place in droves. The great corporations had old and established firms handling their legal affairs. Charlie Schwab and the steel trust didn't even know of my existence.

Dixie Davis found himself up against the identical situation. He got no clients, he made no money.

That point in the life of every young lawyer marks the turning point. Either he attacks this seemingly insoluble economic problem with renewed vigor and determination to fight his way to the top of the heap by sheer hard work, long hours, and man-killing energy, or—

Or he says, "To hell with it!"—and looks for a short cut to fortune.

Dixie Davis took the short cut. He opened another office. But this time he chose its location carefully. A new Magistrates' Court was being opened. He took office space directly across the street from it. That particular court, for no reason other than its geographical location, did a land-office business in policy or numbers cases. Runners and collectors—always the small fry of the racket—were brought to that court.

At first Dixie Davis got none of their business. Then he began to learn the ropes. He made contacts in the corridors of the courthouse: policemen, court attendants, magistrates, bondsmen. He learned how to get cases by splitting fees with clerks. He learned how to work with a policeman to ease a case out.

Within six months he was making a fine living, handling but one type of case—numbers cases. He learned who the big men were, the backers of the numbers racket—the men who actually paid off the crooked police and magistrates. He learned how phony bondsmen could be produced to bail out defendants by the dozen.

He became an intimate of the big crooks. He loafed in political clubs and became liaison man between prominent crooked politicians and notorious criminals. He carried the messages back and forth between them. He was still nothing more than an office boy. But he was an office boy wearing two-hundred-dollar suits and twenty-dollar shirts. He could lounge in night clubs with criminal big shots, and it flattered their vanity to have this sleek and better educated young man beside them, and to tell their cronies: "Meet Counselor Davis."

WHEN Dutch Schultz and his murderous thugs took over and co-ordinated the policy game, Dixie Davis became number two man in the racket. He raised his fees from fifteen dollars to fifty and he hired five lawyers and forced every collector and runner to employ his office in fixing their cases. When Dutch Schultz had income-tax trouble with the government, Dixie employed his legal knowledge to carry on a game of hide-and-seek with the law. It was the old dodge of the lawyer-criminal—delay! Skipping across state lines, employing every subterfuge and technicality and loophole, he kept the Dutchman at liberty for two long months.

And then, one night, Dutch Schultz went the way of all gangsters in a Newark beer tavern. He was chopped down by gunfire and died. And Dixie Davis became head of the $100,000,000-a-year illegal numbers racket in Manhattan.

Thus the metamorphosis from lawyer to lawyer-criminal to gangster.

Now let's go back to the time when I was doing a first-class job of starving as a young lawyer in my new office that had a little secondhand furniture but positively no clients.

How the honest criminal lawyer has to fight and win his way to the top, Mr. Leibowitz will tell from experience next week. He will also free his mind on outworn legal technicalities behind which some confirmed criminals are shielded from justice!

Money CAN'T BUY IT

BY ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

VALERIE L'EPICIER

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

VALERIE came into the sitting room of the suite. All ready to go out, in a black suit and a silver-fox scarf and a smart black hat, she stood in the doorway, drawing on her gloves, and the old lady watched her. Perhaps it was a misfortune, socially, to be so tall, broad-shouldered, and deep-bosomed.

But no one can say she's not distinguished, she thought.

Where would you find another girl of eighteen with that poise?

Valerie looked up.

"Grandma?"

Mrs. Calthorpe was a formidable old lady, a capricious old tyrant. But in her heart of hearts she was afraid of Valerie and uneasy beneath the steady glance of those gray eyes.

"Well?" she said.

"I think I've done about enough," said Valerie. "I tried this debutante stuff for your sake, and I'm a failure. I want to quit. I want to—go home." There was no tremor in her voice, but that slight break was significant to any one who knew her as the old lady did.

"Nonsense!" she said.

Valerie let that go; but there was nothing reassuring in her silence. She never said much, but she never gave up. Never. The old lady had a celebrated temper which had served her well all her life; she had dominated her husband, her son, and her son's wife. Valerie had no temper; she never quarreled, she had no desire to dominate any one. But she could not be bullied.

"Nonsense!" the old lady repeated aloud, after Valerie had left. She rose, straight and gaunt, in a black crepe dress with a high collar and black velvet buttons. She telephoned her niece, Mrs. Leonard Calthorpe.

"I want to talk to you," said the old lady.

"I have a frightfully full day, Aunt Dolly—" Mrs. Calthorpe began.

"Come as soon as you can," said the old lady, interrupting her. "I'll be here."

. . .

Pauline Calthorpe had one debutante daughter on her hands already, and another one coming out next year; she had an active social life of her own. Yet Aunt Dolly had simply taken it for granted that she would launch Valerie, and she had done her best.

"She wants to go back to the country," the old lady told her niece.

Pauline lit a cigarette and leaned back in her chair.

"Aunt Dolly," she said, "if I were you I'd send Valerie to Europe—or get her to take up welfare work or art." She paused a moment, searching for a tactful way to put it. "She's not popular, Aunt Dolly. I'm sure she doesn't realize it, but she has that *unfortunate* manner—so superior."

"She is superior!" said the old lady. "She'll carry off the best man of the lot. She's worth a hundred of these namby-pamby, niminy-piminy misses. You wait and see!"

"Oh, yes!" said Pauline again. "I'm sure she will. But, in the meantime . . . She doesn't enjoy anything, not even shopping."

It didn't occur to Valerie that shopping was something to enjoy. When she needed anything, she bought it; and she was perfectly willing to pay a good price for good material, good workmanship, good style. But she never bought silly, amusing things that she didn't need.

She's frightfully irritating, thought Pauline. So impervious.

Cousin Pauline was wrong. Valerie was not impervious, and she did not feel superior. She knew that she was not popular, and she accepted the fact with the philosophy she had built up for herself. She often remembered little incidents that had started the philosophy years ago. Just after her young father and mother had been killed in an automobile accident. The old lady had thought the child ought to be more with other children, and she had commanded Miss Dudley to take her to Vasil's Saturday-morning dancing class. An ordeal that had been for Valerie—the one stranger in a group of children who had grown up together. No one had bothered with her except Fifi.

She never forgot Fifi. She was some sort of professional child Vasil was training, and so proficient a dancer that it was considered good for the other children, the *real* children, to dance with her now and then, or to watch her go through a routine. She had made up to Valerie. "I'll show you, darling!" she would say. "Look, darling! This way!"

"I want to bring Fifi home to lunch," Valerie told Miss Dudley. The first two times she had said this, Miss Dudley invented excuses; but the third time it couldn't be done.

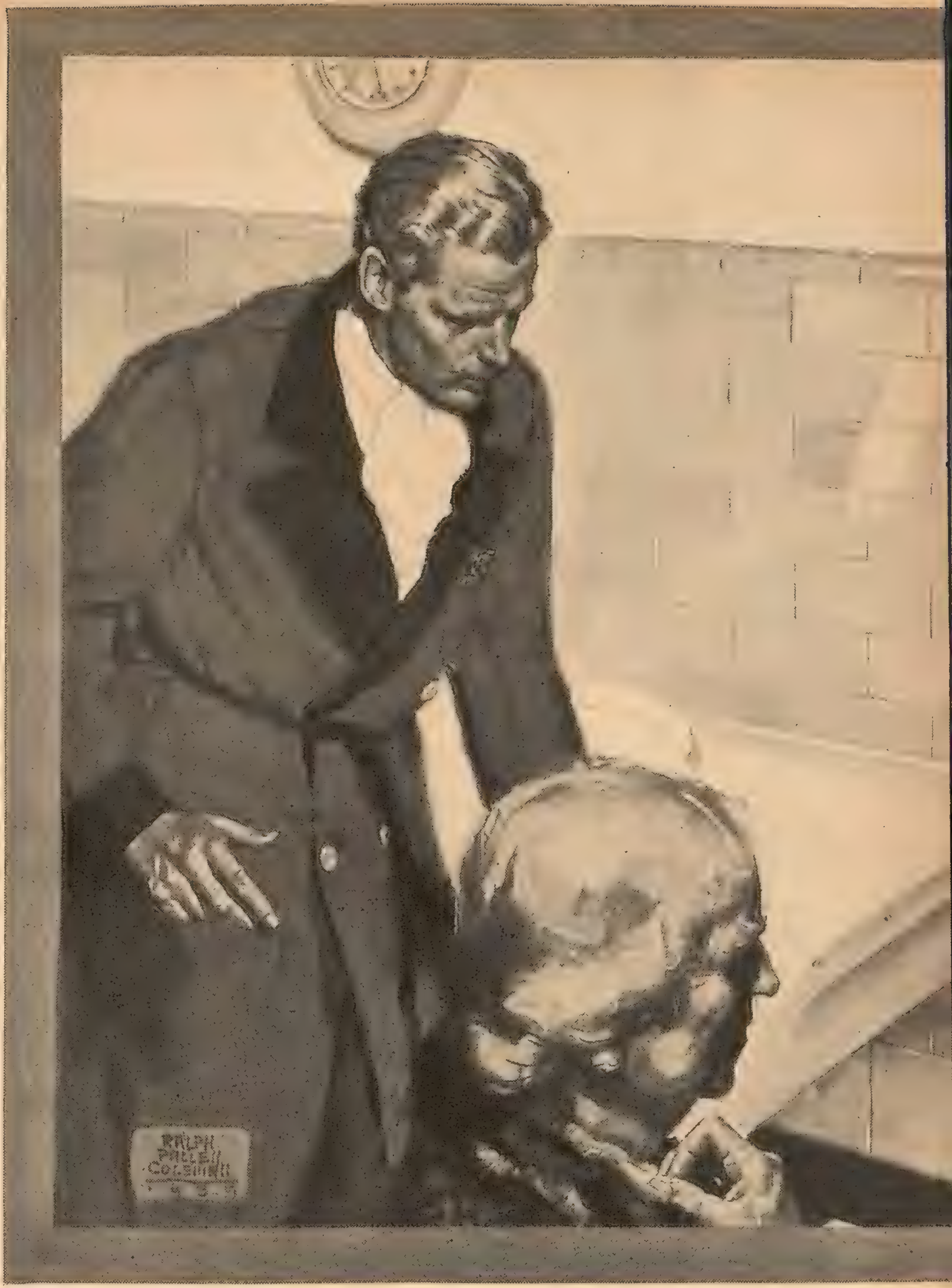
"Valerie," said Miss Dudley, "you'll have to learn this sometime, my dear. I may as well say it now. You know, I suppose, that some day you're going to have a great deal of money, Valerie."

"I sort of knew it," said Valerie. It had never been said to her before by any one, but it was somehow in her consciousness.

"Unfortunately," said Miss Dudley, "you are sure to come across people who will want to know you and who will try to make friends with you

The love story of a girl whose emotions were pent up in walls of too much gold

ILLUSTRATED BY
RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN



only because you have all that money. You're very young—" only eight . . . "but even now, my dear, you must try to understand people. You must try to learn which people are thinking of your money and which people like *you*."

"Does Fifi just like my money?" Valerie asked.

"I think so," said Miss Dudley. "I'm afraid so."

Valerie never mentioned Fifi again. When she saw her the next Saturday, she gave Fifi a long, narrow look and turned her back.

She had asked Robbie about that when the summer came. "Do you only like me because I'm going to get all that money, Robbie?"

"I don't like you at all," Robbie had answered.

"*Why*, Robbie?"

"I don't like girls!" he had told her briefly. "And I don't like you, because you run after me."

He was the only person she ever had run after. She had kept right on for years, but she never got anywhere with him. He was the nephew of Bruce, the head chauffeur, and Bruce and Miss Dudley made him play with Valerie every summer.

Robbie was five years older than she, and he had brought that against her frequently. When Valerie was thirteen, she felt that she had to some extent caught up with him. When they went to the country that summer, Robbie was there as usual. Only he was grown up, much taller than she, lean and hard, and lantern-jawed; still with his spectacles and his red hair. He was going to college in September. He was politer in a way, but he was more anxious than ever to get away from her.

"Well, do you still hate girls?" she asked him. He was sitting on the beach, in slacks and a striped jersey, smoking a cigarette; and she thought he looked wonderful.

"No," he said, "I don't hate girls."

"Well, do you like being with *me?*"

"I'd scarcely classify you as a girl," said Robbie. "You're a child."

"I'm thirteen," she said, and he felt sorry for her.

"Why don't you find some friends your own age?" he asked her.

"I want to be friends with *you*," she said, standing before him, straight and tall and slim.

"Out of the question," said Robbie, kindly but definitely.

She knew by that time that she couldn't have any friends.

The money had come down to her from Great-Grandfather L'Epicier, the old lady's father. There was a portrait of him in a ruffled shirt, with one hand thrust in his bosom; and beside it hung that wonderful picture, The Packet Valerie—New York to Liverpool. George L'Epicier, Builder. She used to hear her grandmother talking about The Likeness, and she thought it was the ship she looked like; she would run with her long hair flying out, and say to herself, "I'm the Valerie!"

But one day the old lady had called her into the drawing room and asked her to stand before Great-Grandfather L'Epicier's portrait. "There!" she had said to the other old lady who was with her. "Isn't the likeness remarkable?" That was what they meant. They thought she looked like that cross man with the cold eyes.

And now she was eighteen, and she felt lonely, desperately lonely. She got letters regularly from Miss Dudley, who had gone home to England; she had her grandmother, she knew a lot of people, but she was lonely.

She found her grandmother sitting alone just where she had left her. "We're going home Friday morning," said the old lady.

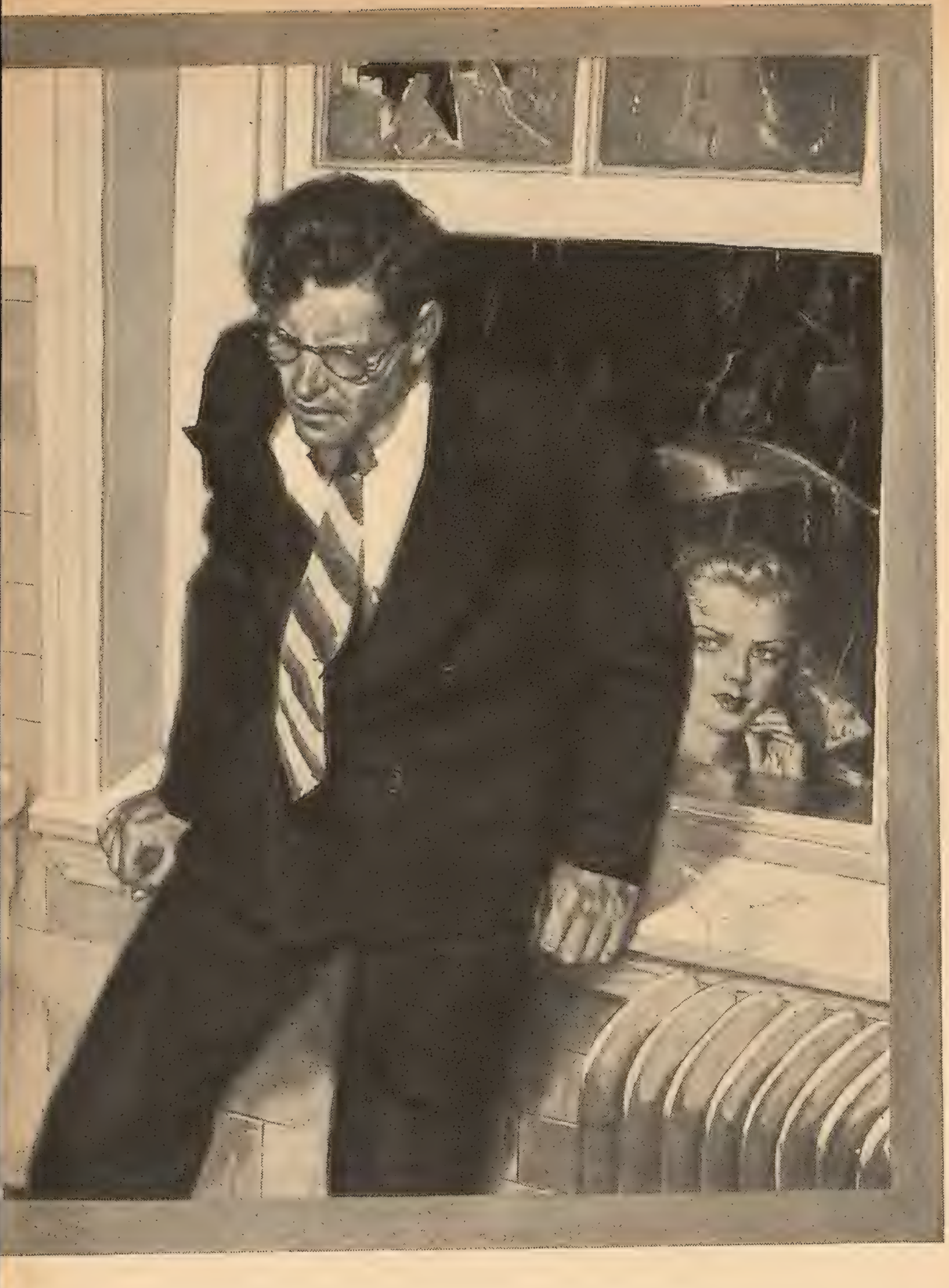
"Thank heaven!" said Valerie.

The old lady scorned the idea of a personal maid. When she was at home one of the housemaids would be summoned to help her dress, to mend or alter her clothes; on a ship, the stewardess had these duties. She never did anything for herself, but she didn't know that. The next day, when Valerie had gone out, she took up the telephone. "I want two capable women to pack for me," she said.

"Will you kindly call the linen room, madam—" said the operator.

"No, I won't!" said the old lady, and hung up the receiver. She knew the two capable women would come from somewhere; and they did. Two chambermaids, curious, hopeful.

There were five trunks and four bags; and there were things that needed careful packing, such beautiful evening dresses and wraps, lovely handmade blouses and underwear. . . . The old lady sat in the room with them all the time. They both believed she was grimly and critically



"Madam," said Robbie. His eyes were like steel behind his spectacles. "Your granddaughter is not a fool."

supervising their work. But she had never in her life packed so much as a handbag, and she didn't really know whether they were doing well or ill. At three o'clock they had finished, and she gave them each a quarter. "Thank you, ma'am," said one of them; but the other said nothing. Until they got outside, and then she had plenty to say. They were getting ready to go home at four, when they were told to go back to Mrs. Calthorpe's suite.

Valerie was there, still in her hat and coat. "I want to thank you for the packing," she said, and gave them each five dollars.

"You're a fool, Valerie!" said the old lady. "They'll just waste that money on silk stockings and all sorts of nonsense. People like that—"

"You don't know anything about people like that," said Valerie. "Nor do I. Only they must hate us."

"What are you talking about? Hate people who give 'em a living?"

"That's the idea," said Valerie. "A lot of people must hate us."

THERE was a storm the next morning, a wild wind driving the rain in sheets. "But, Aunt Dolly, you can *just* as well go tomorrow," said Pauline, exasperated.

"No!" said the old lady. "I sent Bruce a telegram two days ago to be here at ten o'clock, and he'll be here."

"It's a wretched day for a long drive," said Pauline.

"That's not *my* fault," said the old lady. "*I* didn't make the weather."

She and Pauline and Valerie got into the elevator and went downstairs. "*Au revoir!*" said Pauline brightly. And suddenly, for no reason, she felt a stab of pity for Valerie. Tall, composed, and beautiful, heiress to all the L'Epicier money—*silly* to be sorry for her. . . .

The chauffeur stood holding the door of the car.

"Who are *you?*" asked the old lady, staring at him.

"Bruce's nephew, madam," he said. "Bruce has a touch of rheumatism—"

"Psychological," said the old lady. "He's a good ten years younger than I am, and I never have rheumatism."

"Robbie!" said Valerie. "Hello, Robbie!" Her blue-gray eyes were shining, her lips were parted, she was so delighted to see Robbie. But he just touched his cap and didn't answer. They set off in the downpour, in the wild gale. The old lady had decided that they would lunch at home at two o'clock; but they had to go slowly in the rain. At one o'clock they were a long way from home.

"We'd better stop somewhere," said Valerie. "I'm hungry."

"I don't like to stop in strange places," said the old lady.

"I'm hungry," said Valerie.

"Go and eat, then. Bruce's nephew can go in with you."

"I'm not going to leave you alone, grandma."

"I'm not going to have you going alone into one of these places!" said the old lady. "Nobody's going to bother a woman of my age, sitting quietly and decently in her own car. . . . Bruce's nephew!"

"Yes, madam?"

"Stop at the best-looking place you see, and go in with Miss Valerie. Stay with her."

He drove up to a roadhouse, he got out in the downpour to open the door, he went up the steps after Valerie. When they reached the veranda, they both stopped and looked down at the car. The old lady had turned on the light, and there she sat, gaunt and bony, with a strange little black hat pulled over her eyes, and a strange black coat with a sort of military effect, high collar of Persian lamb, frogs of Persian lamb all down the front; something dashing and indomitable about her.

"I'll take her out some hot coffee and something to eat," said Robbie.

"She won't touch it," said Valerie.

"I bet she does," said Robbie. He was looking at the old lady with a faint smile, and Valerie was looking at him. Tall and lean, he still wore spectacles, but somehow they suited his face, with its high cheekbones; his hair was darker but still red.

"Are you going to keep on being a chauffeur, Robbie?" she asked.

"No," said Robbie. "I've got a job—teaching science in a boys' boarding school."

"A teacher, Robbie?"

"Until I've finished my Ph. D. thesis," he said.

"Then what will you be?"

"Then I hope to go as conchologist with some expedition," he said.

"Robbie, that's the most interesting thing—"

"Thanks. Now, if you'll sit down, Miss Valerie!" he said. "Sit down here on the veranda, where Mrs. Calthorpe can see that you're safe—"

"Sit with me, Robbie! Grandma told you to stay with me."

"Don't be silly!" said Robbie.

. . .

"Bruce's nephew seems to have turned out pretty well," she said to the old lady, back in the car.

"Didn't notice him," said Mrs. Calthorpe.

THE old lady liked the L'Epicier place on the Hudson better than any other place on earth, the fine old house, the acres of woodland, the view of the river from the back veranda. She had been born and brought up here, and it was somehow peaceful and safe to be here. Valerie had her car and her saddle horses and her suite of rooms.

"If there's any one you'd like to invite out here . . .?" said the old lady grudgingly.

"Mr. Jarvis," said Valerie.

"What in the world do you want *him* for here?" the old lady asked.

"I'd like him to explain things to me a little," said Valerie.

Mr. Jarvis, the old lady's lawyer, was seventy, and he had ideas about the younger generation. He looked at Valerie with intense disapproval; a handsome girl but too tall for his taste, and he didn't like that cool self-assurance. "You'll find this very dull," he said.

Two hours with her made him change his mind entirely. She didn't know anything, not so much as the difference between stocks and bonds, but how she learned! She asked him questions, she wouldn't leave a point until she understood it.

"I don't think much of our contributions to charity," she said. "I could do better than that."

"I advise you," said Mr. Jarvis, "not to take up that matter with your grandmother. It—upsets her."

She accepted his advice; but she had her own ideas about her allowance. "No handouts," she said. "I want to help people to get on their own feet."

He was seventy, and the people he loved best were dead; he wanted to be peaceful now, not caring much about any one. But he grew to love Valerie, and he was troubled about her. He telephoned to the old lady and asked if he might bring out a young man for the week-end.

"Certainly!" said she, because she trusted him. And she was right to do so; Johnny was exactly what she wanted. He was a viscount but his mother was an American, and he had the good qualities of both nations. He was a tall fair-haired boy, good-humored and quiet; he was a sportsman, he was intelligent, he had taste and judgment and good common sense. He had come to the States on some business for his mother, and he had used a different name, not wanting to be entertained this time. He didn't want to come out with Mr. Jarvis, and he wouldn't have come if he had known there was a girl, a debutante of eighteen. But no one mentioned her, and he was pleased with the big cool house; he liked the tart old lady, he was enjoying tea on the veranda in peace and quiet. The first glimpse he had of Valerie was when she came up the drive on her black mare, tall and slim and straight as an arrow in her linen breeches and blue shirt.

She didn't seem pleased to see him, but little by little his friendliness won her over. There was a simplicity about him that matched her own directness. He told her about the way things were managed on his father's estate in Sussex. They talked about housing projects and about horses, and Valerie asked him if he could stay a few days longer. Mr. Jarvis went back to town Sunday night with a happy heart, and Valerie went to the station with him as she always did, and Johnny came too.

"Why, Robbie!" she said, when she saw the chauffeur. But he just touched his cap and said nothing.

JOHNNY stayed and stayed.

"It looks like a match," Bruce remarked. "I never saw the madam in such good humor."

His nephew glanced up; he gave a grim smile, his pipe clenched in his strong white teeth.

"They'd make a fine-looking couple," Bruce went on, but Robbie took up his book again. "Studying . . ." said Bruce with satisfaction. "That's right. Well," he sighed, "there's rain coming. I feel it in my knees."

"Better get to bed," said Robbie. They were profoundly attached to each other, these two; but they never relaxed that manner of wooden indifference. They liked it that way. With another sigh, Bruce started up the narrow staircase of the cottage.

The sitting room was crowded with very ugly furniture of varnished oak, and there was a bright red carpet on the floor with a design of black-and-green lozenges; on the mantelpiece stood two tall vases of robin's-egg blue with gold handles; on the horsehair sofa a pillow with a green moiré cover which Bruce kept clean with French chalk. Robbie never had thought about this room as ugly; he liked it better than any other room in the world.

"The old boy was right," he said to himself, looking up. A summer squall had broken, the curtains were streaming into the room. He got up, reluctant to close the windows and shut out the air but mindful of his uncle's carpet. He stood there, looking across the lawn at the lights of the big house, thinking his own thoughts. . . . And he heard some one coming across the drive, running.

He had the door open as she came up the steps, and the light from the hall shone on her. She was wearing a long chiffon dress of midnight blue and a little bolero of pink angora.

"Robbie!" she said. She was upset, very pale.

"Come in," he said, and she came into that sitting room. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"I—I just wanted to talk to you," she said. "After all, we've known each other a long time, haven't we?"

"In a way," said Robbie cautiously. He stood, looking down at the floor.

"There isn't any one I trust—the way I trust you," she said. "Only four people I'm fond of: Grandma, Miss Dudley, Mr. Jarvis—and you."

He had never seen her cry when she was a child, even when she fell down; even the time when she had pinched her hand in the boat swing. But she was crying now.

"You see," she said, "I've never been mixed up in anything like this before."

"Like what?" he asked.

"Oh . . . love," she said. "Johnny had spoken to Grandma about our getting married, and she spoke to me, and I said, all right. I thought it *was* all right. I *like* him—but when he spoke to me himself—then I knew I couldn't marry him, possibly."

"Well," said Robbie, very matter-of-fact, "if you find you don't care for him enough—"

"It's not that at all," she interrupted. "It's—Johnny said he—loved me, and I'm afraid he thinks he does."

"Well, why shouldn't he?" asked Robbie.

"I'm not lovable," she said briefly. "I've always known that. Nobody's ever been fond of me, except my mother and father, of course, and grandma and Miss Dudley and Mr. Jarvis. Johnny *thinks* he cares for me, but he'd soon find out."

NOT necessarily," said Robbie. "I've had several talks with the viscount. You'd go a long way before you'd find a better man. I think you'd be happy with him."

"No," she said. "Not if he thinks he loves me."

"D'you mean you want to marry a man who *doesn't* love?" asked Robbie coldly.

"Yes," she said. "I don't *believe* in love."

"That's very silly," said Robbie.

"Well, that's the way I am," said she. "Please don't be disagreeable, Robbie."

"I'm going away next week," he said. "I've got a job as curator of a little museum down South."

"Why, Robbie, that's wonderful!"

"There's nothing wonderful about it," he said.

"Where will you live?"

"A house goes with the job."

"A house like this?"

"I don't know what it's like," said Robbie.

"I've always loved this house," she said, looking about her. "When I was little I used to bother Miss Dudley to bring me here. I thought it would be the best thing in the world to live in a place like this. A *little* place that would really belong to you."

"That's just a notion," said Robbie. "I've got an umbrella here; I'm going to take you back to the house."

She had her hand on his arm. "Robbie, I can't," she said. "I told Johnny I was going in to make a telephone call, and I wrote a note and put it under grandma's door. She was asleep then, but she only dozes. She's probably read it by this time. I went out by the back door. I don't want to go back, ever."

"Valerie," he said, "you've always had plenty of courage. You'll have to go back and face the music."

"It's not that," she said. "It's—I wish grandma would disinherit me. I don't want to talk like a sappy book; but that money has made me so *damn* miserable all my life. . . . I'm not cut out for that sort of life. I honestly don't *want* it. Mr. Jarvis said himself that I'd make a fine wife for a poor man, and that's true."

"A poor man who's not in love with you?"

She ignored that. "Robbie, I thought if Bruce would let me stay here until tomorrow morning, grandma would certainly turn me out—"

"He wouldn't think of it!" said Robbie. "Come along!"

"You're — pretty inhuman," said Valerie.

"Completely!" said Robbie.

He made her put on a raincoat of his, and they set out under his umbrella in the dampness. She was crying again. "It's not the frightful row we're going to have that I mind," she said. "It's just going on and on—like this. I can't quite make up my mind to leave her; but if she'd only get mad enough to tell me to go . . ."

"Look out for that puddle!" said Robbie. "We'd better not talk any more. We're too near the house."

They went under the dripping trees to the back door. It was locked.

NOW!" said Valerie. "Grandma's done that. Robbie, what are you doing?"

"You're going into that house," he said, "where you belong."

"But I don't *want* to, Robbie. I've got some money in the bank. I can—"

"You're going to sleep in there tonight," said Robbie. "If you want to go later on, all right. But you'll go when you're good and ready. You're not going to be turned out."

He gave her the umbrella and found a stone and smashed one of the kitchen windows, raised the sash, and climbed in. And the old lady came into the kitchen, spare and straight, in a black negligee trimmed with sable. Valerie, out in the rain, looked into the lighted room.

"What are you doing?" said the old lady.

"Miss L'Epicier is locked out," he said.

"Miss L'Epicier has left this house," said the old lady.

"No," he said. "Miss L'Epicier is eighteen. She's been locked out by mistake. I'm going to let her into—her home."

"You're not," said the old lady. "It's my house."

"Madam," said Robbie, "if you want melodrama you can have it. Miss L'Epicier is going to sleep in her own home tonight, if I have to smash every window in the house."

"Sorry," said an apologetic voice behind him, "but I'm afraid I agree."

It was Johnny, the viscount, in a dressing gown, slender and elegant and very quiet. The old lady turned to him; she was breathing fast, but she made a gallant attempt to speak quietly, as he did. "Yes . . ." she said. "Yes . . . I dare say I lost my temper. The whole thing's really nothing at all. Valerie's just a silly girl, and this man has been putting ideas into her head. . . . He's the nephew of one of my servants!"

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

well known to Liberty readers, is a native of Brooklyn, New York. She married a Londoner and for several years lived in Hamilton, Bermuda. The islands provided a colorful background for many of her short stories as well as for a mystery novel. She now makes her home in New York City.

"Oh, I know Bruce very well," said Johnny with his gentle smile. "Scientific. . . . They say these scientists are going to run the world in the course of time."

The old lady stared at him, not understanding. "Well, it's all over now," she said. "Bruce goes out tonight, bag and baggage, and his precious nephew with him."

"Oh . . . I hope not," said Johnny. He spoke in the same quiet, even gentle way; but something in his tone got through to her. That terrific old snob, that indomitable old lady, who could meet violence with violence, who had never in her life stepped out of her own world where she ruled every one, was daunted by his quietness. She still didn't understand; but she meant to do the best she could to atone for her mistake. If the viscount wasn't angry about Valerie, she must pretend not to be.

"This man's entirely responsible," she said. "Valerie didn't realize what she was doing. She's too young to know the danger—"

"Madam," said Robbie. He lifted his head a little; his gray eyes were like steel behind his spectacles, his jaw was red. "Madam, your granddaughter is not a fool; and I'm not a scoundrel. She wanted to talk to me. She trusts me, and she's entirely right to do so. She knows I'd give my life to keep her from any harm."

The old lady turned toward him; her mouth worked; she could not trust herself to speak for a moment. Then she gave a bitter little laugh. "Melodrama!" she said.

Robbie went past her into the hall and unlocked the back door; and Valerie tried to come in with the open umbrella. He closed it for her. "Robbie," she said, "I *did* know that. I did trust you like that."

"Naturally!" said Robbie. "Get those wet shoes off. Good night!"

But she held his arm, looking into his face with her fine brows drawn together and her lips parted. He had never seen her puzzled and undecided before. "I can talk to you," she said, "because I know *you* don't—well, because I know that you're absolutely impersonal about me."

"You're quite wrong," said Robbie. "Good night!"

But she wouldn't let him go. "Robbie!" she cried.

"You're quite wrong," he replied. "I'm not impersonal about you. Ever since we were children I was afraid this was going to happen to me. And now it has. Good night!"

"What's happened to you, Robbie?"

"You're being—positively stupid!" he cried. "After all, you're a girl. Women understand those things by intuition. You come walking into my house—looking like that—crying . . ."

"Oh . . .!" she said, her eyes widening. "Oh . . . I—see!"

"Good night!" said Robbie again.

But she threw her arms around his neck. It was the first time since she was ten years old that she had given any one a spontaneous embrace; it was the first time in her life that such a blind and reckless and glorious faith in any human creature had ever overwhelmed her.

"Robbie! I didn't know!" she said. "I *am* stupid, Robbie! I really didn't know. Isn't that funny?"

"Funny?" he repeated. She felt stiff as a board in his big thick raincoat; her tawny hair looked black with damp. He held her tight. "Funny? I think it's about the saddest thing I ever heard. . . ."

"But it's not sad *now*, Robbie."

THE old lady stood in the kitchen doorway watching them. Watching Robbie help Valerie off with that ridiculously big raincoat, watching the way Valerie smiled. This was the end of her dearest hope. "Well!" she said, and her voice sounded very old and unsteady.

"That's what one likes best in your country," said Johnny, still quiet, still smiling. His face was a little white and his smile was a little strained, but there was that invincible quiet good humor in him. "You people aren't afraid," he said.

"I'm afraid," said the old lady; and she had never said that before. Her mouth twitched; she gave that ugly little laugh again. "It'll be in the newspapers," she said. "'Heiress Weds Chauffeur . . .'"

He put his arm around her thin old shoulders. "We can make it better than that," he said. "'Miss L'Epicier to Wed Scientist.'" Nothing sensational in *that*. . . . If they'll let me, I'd like to be best man."

"Nonsense!" she said, like herself again. "There's no reason for you to be so quixotic as all that!"

"Valerie makes one feel like that," he said simply.

THE END

WHY BRITAI

Britain's former Secretary for Foreign Affairs tells why, despite past quarrels, his country is now wooing the Soviets

BY ANTHONY EDEN

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

THE AUTHOR

DURING the last twelve months the British government and people have been brought ever nearer to a decisive choice in the scope and aims of their foreign policy. The alternative can be simply stated. They could seek to disinterest themselves in events in central and eastern Europe, act as spectators while successive nations were called upon to stand and deliver, and take refuge in their own geographical position in western Europe, offering resistance only when their strategic immunity was directly assailed.

Alternatively, they could conclude that the repetition of methods recently employed against Czecho-Slovakia and Albania must ultimately involve the world in general conflict, and seek therefore to organize a peace front of such strength as must demonstrate beyond cavil that further aggression could not pay. Some have maintained that the decisive choice should have been made after the German occupation of Austria in March of last year. A larger number were convinced that it could no longer be postponed after the experience of last September. All were agreed that the German occupation of Prague made further hesitation impossible.

The truth is that the successive acts of aggression have only served to force the pace in an evolution in British foreign policy which modern military science, and above all the development of the air arm, must in any event have compelled, force having once again become the sole determining factor in European politics. British concern for the fate of the Low Countries is centuries old; no less historic has been Britain's instinctive resistance to attempts by any one Power to dominate the European continent. From an understanding of this to the acceptance of definite commitments toward countries in eastern and southeastern Europe is, however, a long step.

Fourteen years ago Britain was ready to subscribe to the general commitment of the League Covenant, but it was not prepared to enter into more precise obligations, except in western Europe. Locarno spoke plainly, but, so far as Britain was concerned, Locarno spoke for western Europe only. Now we have come back again full circle to the policy of the European protocol. Events have compelled decisions in these more dangerous days which appeals could not influence when they might have been more safely made.

The next phase in this abrupt transition in British foreign policy was no less inevitable. The relations of Britain with Russia, hitherto vaguely friendly but fundamentally indefinite, had to be precisely defined. Upon this issue the British people at once made up their minds. They accepted that the vital interests of Britain and of Soviet Russia need not conflict at any point. They were conscious of our joint concern for the preservation of peace—the indivisibility of peace, to use a favorite Russian formula. They soon made it plain that they wished to see an agreement reached between Britain, France, and Soviet Russia upon a

DECORATION BY

NEEDS RUSSIA

basis of mutual assistance. Their judgment was sound, for with the conclusion of such an agreement the creation of the peace front will have completed its transition from the stage of endeavor to that of accomplished fact. Once Britain had undertaken commitments outside its immediate sphere in western Europe, the arguments in favor of an understanding with Soviet Russia, if that country were itself favorable in principle, became overwhelming.

Strategically, the advantages are mutual and self-evident; but the chief significance of a specific undertaking of mutual assistance between these countries may yet prove to be psychological. The most immediate danger of war lies in the doubts repeatedly expressed in Germany and Italy as to Britain's seriousness of purpose. Even now, it is maintained, our new commitments have not been undertaken in earnest. The fact that such doubts are completely misplaced in no way minimizes the risks that they imply to European peace. The conclusion of an effective pact of mutual assistance between Britain, France, and Russia must surely be accepted as the clearest practical evidence that all such wishful thinking is doomed to disappointment.

IN these conditions, therefore, it seems reasonable to assume that the task of creating an effective deterrent to any would-be aggressor in Europe now makes steady progress. It would, however, be dangerously optimistic to take for granted that it will achieve its purpose. It takes two to make peace. But at least the risk of a general conflict through a mutual misunderstanding of motives should be materially decreased. This was statesmanship's first task, but not its only one, for even the creation of an effective deterrent against aggression affords no lasting solution of our ills.

Other problems remain, and though to warn a would-be aggressor in terms of unmistakable action is an essential preliminary to any curative process, it is no more than this. The fundamental evils of the present international situation persist. The competition in armaments continues with ever gathering momentum; national economies are being twisted and distorted to lend it further impetus.

That trend must be checked and reversed, or conflict will become inevitable.

Moreover, will not the nations more readily be brought to understand that methods of force must be abandoned if to overwhelming military power to resist aggression be added political reasonableness to solve admitted ills? In this issue there must be no misunderstanding. There can be no question of buying temporary peace, nor of making concessions to gain a further uneasy respite. *Such moods will not recur.*

But while a short-term policy must be based on rigid strength, there is advantage in facing also the long-term problems from which there is no ultimate escape, war or no war. Broadly speaking, the same difficulties confront us in this sphere as have haunted statesmen throughout the postwar years. Can any form of international order provide the measure of security sufficient to create confidence?

Is the attitude of most countries based on opposition to all change, or is it truly limited to a determination to resist the use or threat of force? On these matters we should all hesitate to dogmatize. The long chapter of past disappointments is still too fresh in the memory. Yet even on these issues there is a general British view, and though it is admittedly difficult to formulate it in expressed terms, the attempt should be made.

Hatred of war is a potent force in any civilized community, but not so fear of war. If this distinction be clearly understood, the British willingness to make a contribution, and a generous one, in a world which has accepted a limitation of armaments and the rule of law, should be seen in its true perspective. Such a contribution could take many forms, for varied world conditions can soon modify values. It is the attempt to dominate the world by force that has re-created the significance of strategic issues. But if, for instance, the terms of the Briand-Kellogg Pact were to govern the actions of governments, and these were in practice to renounce force as an instrument of policy, contributions from Britain which are now unthinkable could then be readily contemplated.

For we have not yet forgotten the overriding lesson that by even a limited measure of international co-operation we can realize for the poorest among the nations benefits infinitely greater than the strongest bully can win by methods of piracy or plunder. Force will be met by force and will be overcome. Is there yet time for reason to have its say?

THE END

B. L. KIDDER

BIRTH CONTROL, LOV

From ancient, overpopulated India comes a wise man's denunciation of any method of curbing the sacred processes of birth

BY MAHATMA GANDHI

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

IT is the fashion in some quarters nowadays for the young to discredit whatever may be said by old people. I am not prepared to say that there is absolutely no justification for this belief. But I warn the youth of all the countries against always discounting whatever old men or women may say for the mere fact that it is said by such persons.

Even as wisdom often comes from the mouths of babes, so does it often come from the mouths of old people. The golden rule is to test everything in the light of reason and experience, no matter from whom it comes.

I want to discuss the subject of birth control by contraceptives. It is dinned into one's ears that gratification of the sex urge is a solemn obligation, like the obligation of discharging debts lawfully incurred, and that not to do so would involve the penalty of intellectual decay. This sex urge has been isolated from the desire for progeny, and it is said by protagonists of the use of contraceptives that conception is an accident to be prevented except when the parties desire to have children.

I venture to suggest that this is a most dangerous doctrine to preach anywhere, much more so in a country like India, where the middle-class male population has become imbecile through abuse of the creative function.

If satisfaction of the sex urge is a duty, unnatural vice would be commendable. Even persons of note have been known to approve of what is commonly known as sexual perversion. The reader may be shocked at that statement. But if it somehow or other gains the stamp of respectability, it will be the rage among boys and girls to satisfy their urge among members of their own sex.

To me the use of contraceptives is not far removed from the means to which persons have hitherto resorted for the gratification of their sexual desire with the results that very few know. And I betray no confidence when I inform the reader that there are unmarried girls of impressionable age in schools and colleges who study birth-control literature and magazines with avidity and even possess contraceptives.

It is impossible to confine their use to married women.

Marriage loses its sanctity when its purpose and highest use is conceived to be the satisfaction of the animal passion without contemplating the natural result of such satisfaction. I have no doubt that those learned men and women who are carrying on propaganda with missionary zeal in favor of the use of contraceptives are doing irreparable harm to the youth of the world under the false belief that they will be saving thereby the poor women who may be obliged to bear children against their will. Those who need to limit their children will not be easily reached by them.

Our poor Indian women have not the knowledge or training that the women of the West have. Surely the propaganda is not being carried on in behalf of the middle-class women, for they do not need the knowledge, at any rate, so much as the poorer classes do.

The greatest harm, however, done by the propaganda lies in its rejection of the old ideal and substitution in its place of one which, if carried out, must spell the moral and physical extinction of the race.

The horror with which ancient literature has regarded the fruitless use of the vital fluid was not a superstition born of ignorance. What shall we say of a husbandman who will sow the finest seed in his possession on stony ground, or of the owner of a field who will receive in his field rich with fine soil good seed under conditions that will make it impossible for it to grow?

God has blessed man with seed that has the highest potency and woman with a field richer than the richest earth to be found anywhere on this globe. Surely it is criminal folly for man to allow his most precious possession to run to waste. And so is a woman guilty of criminal folly who will receive the seed in her life-producing field with the deliberate intention of letting it run to waste. Both he and she will be judged guilty of misuse of the talents given to them and they will be dispossessed of what they have been given.

Sex urge is a fine and a noble thing. There is nothing to be ashamed of in it. But it is meant only for the act of creation. Any other use of it is a sin against God and humanity.

It was reserved for our generation to glorify vice by calling it virtue. The greatest disservice protagonists of contraceptives are rendering to the youth of today is to fill their minds with what appears to me to be wrong ideology.

Let the young men and women who hold their destiny in their hands beware of this false god and guard the treasure with which God has blessed them and use it, if they wish, for the only purpose for which it is intended.

THE END

nd MARRIAGE

Here is an American woman's answer—the woman who all her life has fought for our right to limit our offspring

BY MARGARET SANGER

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

YES: it is quite true that the rising generations are beginning to discredit and to discount those prejudices voiced by the elders which too often have been accepted as traditional "wisdom."

They are being born into a world of confusion and chaos. They are confronted on all sides by misery, poverty, insecurity, crime. Dictators whip up class hatred, race hatreds, national hatreds among their slaves, most of whom were born of men and women close to the starvation point, and themselves were undernourished children. It has been well said that starving men are always angry men. Even more menacing to the established order is a generation of undernourished children. Such a background becomes the soil out of which dictators emerge. Is it any wonder therefore that the younger generations can no longer revere the wisdom of those who have permitted international chaos to become worldwide?

We advocate birth control by means of contraception, not to encourage reckless sex gratification but to place in the hands of young and responsible married couples a scientific instrument by means of which they may fulfill their duties to their children. To their children already born and to those to come.

We advocate intelligent control of the procreative faculties in the very same manner that all intelligent and civilized persons control all the physiological functions of the human body—in the interests of health, hygiene, and the development of higher purposes and uses.

The legitimate use of contraception implies foresight and co-operation. Instead of being in any sense a secret vice, it is the extreme opposite from heedless sex gratification.

Birth control is synonymous with discipline, foresight, the conquest of heedless, selfish impulses, and the channeling of one of the most imperative forces of all nature to the common good—to the best interests of the individual, the community at large, and the ultimate destiny of the human race.

Intelligently utilized, the instrument of contraception has brought freedom to the lives of thousands. It has removed fear from married love. It has and shall continue to reduce the maternal death rate among mothers too ill and feeble to bear the burden of a long series of undesired pregnancies. It is saving the lives of many infants and children, because it is giving them more "vital space" in which to grow and to be properly fed. Remember that the ranks of crime are recruited mainly from the high-birth-rate groups.

Mr. Gandhi, if I understand him, advocates birth control by the method of abstinence. This indeed is an argument that can appeal only to the aged. It is based upon an obsolete conception of the marriage relationship. I see no idealism in such a policy. To limit the marital relation to exclusively procreative purpose would debase the noblest and most idealistic human relationship to the level of stock-breeding. It would send humanity back along the road from which it has so painfully emerged. It would place such narrow limitations upon the marriage relationship as to generate untold misery, unhappiness, and discord upon parents, and their unhappiness must automatically be reflected in the lives of their children.

Mr. Gandhi has fought long and fearlessly for the emancipation of the women of India, and I would be the first to recognize the nobility of his consecration to human freedom.

But, with all due respect and reverence, one may ask of what value such freedom can be, if women are denied the primary and fundamental freedom of their own bodies, if they are denied the right to decide if, when, and under what conditions they are to assume the responsibility of motherhood? To advocate the freedom of women, yet to withhold the knowledge of contraception, is to indulge in idle rhetoric.

India has practiced little birth control. In no other country (with the possible exception of China, another high-birth-rate territory) have women been so heedlessly sacrificed to the Juggernaut of futile childbearing. In no other country has so great a proportion of mankind been debased to a level lower than the beasts.

Contrast the status of women and children among those groups, states, and countries where scientific contraception has been accepted and legitimatized. Birth may be spaced out according to the strength and desires of mother and father. Families can be planned; and racial progress may be controlled in the very manner traffic is controlled on our highways.

Birth control is a problem that is bound up with civilization itself. It is the instrument whereby mankind can master the imperious forces of his internal nature, as today he is mastering those of the external world.

THE END

Floyd Starr, founder of the Starr Commonwealth for Boys.

Athletics and games of all kinds help build sound bodies and foster good sportsmanship among the boys of the Commonwealth.

THINGS I'VE LEARNED FROM

Old-fashioned common sense for today's fractious youth, and what's more—it works!

BY FLOYD STARR

as told to

EDITH DAY ROBINSON

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

As a consequence of a diversified life spent with the young genus *Homo* for a quarter of a century, I feel a strong kinship with all parents. No matter how simple or complex their situations, I have probably occupied their boots at some time or other during the past twenty-five years. In that time nearly a thousand boys have walked the paths of the Starr Commonwealth, three miles out of Albion, Michigan. At least 90 per cent have gone out with reconstructed plans and specifications for their lives, which have been used to advantage.

Having held to my original design in founding the Commonwealth—to help boys hobbled by circumstances, irrespective of whether the reasons were moral, financial, or domestic—the twenty-five years' undertaking has included all kinds of boys from eight to eighteen years of age. On the domestic side, we strive to have the cottages reflect the atmosphere of substantial American homes. On the academic side, the school maintains good standing in the state. Pupils pass from our grades into any public, private, or parochial school or military academy, as a rule, without setbacks or special coaching. The teachers are directed by a principal who is an expert in clinical and educational psychology. A great deal of educational research is going on in Michigan, and we are doing our share at Starr Commonwealth. So much for the lay of my land.

My "method"? I've had a thousand methods! I doubt if any boy has ever been supervised exactly as another boy, though they all come under general rules which hold the organization together. What will appeal to one won't stir a breath of interest in his teammate on k. p.

Because our methods at the Commonwealth are varied so, it is difficult to be specific as to how we get results. If there is one reason more than another for the success we enjoy, it may lie in our use of so many facilities. Persistent inventive thinking, close observation, past experience, ideas from other people with judgment and something to give on the subject, are part of the equipment. These resources are available to almost any one who cares to collect them. Reading matter alone—the findings of experts in books and magazines, in excellent government pamphlets to be had free on request—provides a fund of useful information.

Baffled mothers exclaim, "I don't know what to do about Johnny! I've tried *everything!*"

Yet, if we had Johnny and had put in the same amount of work on him that she reported, we'd still feel we were only just beginning! It seems like "everything" to her because a lot of time has been spent on repetitions. She has been re-striking notes in a short octave. Not having obtained results, she should be searching for a wider range.

I am reminded of a friend, a writer, who, through creative thinking, worked out a solution to the problem of a youngster charged with falsehoods. She had tried punitive and other methods with no success.

One day, she said, it came to her that her boy was using the same faculty in his storytelling that was an asset in her work; only he was being upbraided and she was being paid for it. She called him into conference and said just that. "The difference," she told him, "is that I recognize what is fiction and what is fact when I use them, and you don't seem to." She suggested a game.

"Suppose we play policeman. Whenever you say something that sounds odd, I'll make a stop signal and we'll talk it over."

Danny was willing. Suddenly, in the midst of talk, up would go her hand. "Which was that?" she'd demand. He was obliged to be conscious of the fuzziness in his mind. Each time he had to *classify* what he was saying. The experiment ended in increasing accuracy and a sense of word values he might otherwise never have gained. Had my friend persisted in castigating and reproaching him, she might have made a first-class liar out of Dan.

The query about the boy or girl who is getting "out of hand" is a familiar one in the mail. *Keep them busy.* Suggest, invent, but keep them going—tire 'em out—with interests known to you. Reading is fine, but don't let them read all their spare time. It is one of the best ways known to psychologists to weaken the juvenile ability to cope with reality.

Rest? Our children are in bed with lights out by 9.30 P. M. They are up again at 6.30 A. M., with nine hours' sleep to fortify them. There isn't

A young Commonwealth athlete practices putting the shot.

800 BOYS

much complaint about turning in. They're usually glad to lay a burden of fatigue on a comfortable bed.

As to the girls who are boy-crazy, the boys who are girl-crazy: These pronounced tendencies sometimes have their simple answers in the offices of reliable physicians. When the cause is merely a rapid development toward maturity, my suggestion would be to lead them into being *very* busy—at the same time taking care not to overtax strength intended to meet the extra leverage of adolescence; care, also, not to kill initiative with a driving supervision.

One sometimes hears it said of a girl who thinks too much of boys: "Send her away to school."

Shut her off entirely from what she wants most, and make her want it more? In her case, I'd cram my home with as many boys of a desirable type as I could get into it, the emphasis on *older* boys. There is nothing like seeing a great deal of the opposite sex to dispel its thrilling emanations.

When I refer to the wisdom of keeping the slack out of youth's line of energy, mothers sometimes protest the difficulty of filling idle time. Well, what about housework? For boys as well as for girls. At the Commonwealth the boys take turns at cleaning, kitchen duty, outside work, bedmaking. In consequence, they acquire an appreciation of women's work which many men lack.

VARIABLENESS in a parent's dealing with children weakens her—or his—system. To me this is a noticeable cause for criticism in American homes. Mothers have an astonishing collection of exceptions to the rules they make, the instructions they give.

Boys like strictness in those in authority over them. They like to feel spine in those to whom they are accountable. I don't think this, I *know* it. No end of boys have told me so.

I have always objected to the pal theory as poor psychology. Young people want pals of their own age. They do not, in my opinion, want their parents for *pals*. They like to look up to their fathers, mothers, custodians—to be proud of them. And, too, they are sensitive about these elders being made objects of derision.

My daughter tells a story about a lady of her acquaintance who had been hearing a good deal about this "being a pal to the boy," and had determined to enact the role.

Her first move was to invite herself to go skating with the lad. The afternoon she selected to go with him found her muffled to the eyebrows in warm clothing. A broomstick substituted for a hockey stick, during her first venture on skates in many years.

As soon as the boy's skates were fastened he was up and away. Her unexercised muscles, cumbersome clothing made for uncertain going. She lunged hither and yon, but hoped no one would notice her awkwardness. At sundown the ice blades flashed shoreward. Soon everybody was leaving, but the boy did not appear. Somewhat dispirited, she started for home. Coming on a knot of boys in the twilight, she heard one direct a question to another:

"Say, who was the old lady staggering around with the broomstick?"

And her son's small voice replied, *"I don't know!"*

DON'T be afraid to let your boys in for hard things. Don't set the brakes against father when he wants to encourage them to get into hard games. I believe football contributes more to character building than any other sport, when it isn't permitted to turn into a massacre. I believe, also, in boys being taught to box. You can't turn a boy into a man in a hothouse. To send him out into a man's world, strange to a type of physical experience all men hold in common, is to open the way for inferiority to take root in his consciousness. This will only create in him a sense of separateness from the best of his kind.

Humor shouldn't be overlooked, among the assets, in leading the junior model to firm ground from where he may proceed under his own control. The light touch, a twinkle in the eye, is something worth many heavy admonitions. And balance: Its value is rarely kept sufficiently to the fore. Wisdom, discrimination, fairness are touched into action under the influence of a sense of proportion.

May I add the belief that it is doing boys and girls an incalculable injustice to let them grow up in ignorance of God—except as a byword—of the story of Christ among men? I do not care what your religious attitude may be. I speak from deep conviction on this point. I should encourage interest in Christianity primarily, not Churchianity. I should not permit a religion motivated by fear. And I should like to see Dr. Henry C. Link's The Return to Religion read by all parents, and by all others old enough to understand it.

Finally, and all the time, there is love to be remembered. Without it intelligence is bloodless, ambition has no fire to heat its anvils. Forge your young hopefuls to you with a chain of indestructible affection. It will hold you against the strain of the journey.

THE END

Boys learn to paint, sculpture, do woodwork, and (below) care for the full-blooded Holstein herd under supervision of trained dairymen.

AMERICAN FAMILY

A TIN GOD Breaks

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

CAROL TATE was sitting out on the veranda beside Rodney's garden chair, stringing beans in the California sunshine, when their four scions erupted from the house. All four were clad in bathing suits of elegant cut and texture, last seen at Palm Beach. The collie, McGraw, leaped up and began cavorting around them, barking joyously.

"We're going swimming," Jonathan announced as he passed.

"In the dry creek?" his father wanted to know.

Paula stopped to say: "Didn't we tell you? The Parkers said we could swim in their reservoir any time."

The Parkers were the farmers down the road who had sold the Tates their cow, and ever since Paula had learned to milk under Mrs. Parker's tutelage she had been granted open sesame to all they had.

Carol glanced toward the declining sun. "It's pretty late—and the chores—"

"Oh, we'll be back in plenty of time to do them," Douglas promised, giving her a sturdy hug.

They started off in single file, graduating in height from Jonathan, with his tall slender growth of seventeen years, to Paula, daintily made and with no trace of awkwardness at fifteen, to the square-built Douglas of twelve, and down to small fair Binnie, two years his junior.

"They're swell!" Rodney said under his breath.

Carol called after them, "You did the lunch dishes, of course?"

They halted and turned irresolutely. Then Paula said sweetly, "We'll do them when we come back, darling. Don't you touch them!"

"That's not my department," Carol assured them.

Jonathan grinned gaily back at her. "No, you're the commissary—and will we be a hungry army! Come on, kids!"

They romped toward the old car standing at the gate, all but Binnie, who still hesitated conscientiously.

Carol said impatiently, "Oh, go on, Binnie. You couldn't do everything yourself. Relax!"

Binnie smiled sunnily at her and trotted after the others. The old car chugged through the gate. Carol cut beans again, a little grimly, and became conscious finally of Rodney's inquiring eyes upon her. She summoned some kind of smile.

"Have I degenerated into an old crosspatch, Rodney?"

He queried in return, "Is this whole experiment getting on your nerves?"

She cut the beans diagonally. There were stacks of them. Her slender fine hands were defaced with half-healed burns and cuts. She said, "There's no use nobly pretending I don't sometimes long for the old ease. But that's not it." She faltered, and then burst out, "I feel just like a dictator!"

Rodney took the pan of beans away from her and snapped them in convenient pieces. "Why try to be a French chef? And why the dictator complex?"

She sank back and closed her eyes, muttering, "I don't want to bother you with it."

"I won't get a temperature over it, I promise you. Come, now, out with it."

"Well," she said unwillingly, "I just seem to order them all the time: Do this, Do that. Rodney, it isn't in me to be a dictator. I resent it. Pretty soon I'll have no sense of humor!"

"A tragedy to be avoided at all costs," he assented with mock gravity. Then he stopped and compressed his lips, looking like the big executive he had once been. "The scalawags! I'll—"

"No, no!" she protested instantly, sitting up. "They're magnificent in an emergency. But now things have settled into a routine and there's no reason for heroics. It's monotonous."

Rodney finished the beans. "We've got to remember," he said thoughtfully, "that's the way with all children."

"What do parents do about it? Now's the time habits are formed that will make or break them later. If it's by constant scolding and reminding, I resign right now!"

"Do they neglect the animals?" Rodney asked, getting serious.

"Not yet. They overfeed those ridiculous roosters we thought were pullets and still call them Ella and Jane and so forth. . . . They're really sweet, Rodney."

"They disarm us both," he said, frowning, "with their charm."

Carol had an inspiration. "You were reared on a farm—you must have had to do dull chores. Who made you remember to do them?"

Rodney searched his memory. "My father," he said briefly, "with his boot."

She burst out laughing. "Can't you just picture one of us booting Jonathan—or Paula?"

Rodney laughed too, imagining the astonishment and reproach on Jonathan's dignified face, the outrage flaming from Paula's imperious one. Then he sobered.

"I'll lecture them," he decided, "though I'll feel like a heel, lying here doing nothing myself while I urge them to work. At least my father had the example of his own industry behind his boot."

"You'll just keep out of this at present," Carol said vehemently. "You've got to have quiet and peace of mind—and get well. Remember—they chose to undertake all this."

He leaned back against his cushions. "I wish we could afford to have the incomparable Byron part of each day."

"Byron served his purpose, teaching them how to do the chores. Now it's up to them. They started something—and they should keep at it for the good of their souls." She looked off toward the Parker farm, smiling wistfully. "Oh, I do hope they're having a good time!"

She need not have had the least doubt of that. The reservoir contained clear fresh water used for irrigating, and was deep enough and wide enough to afford real swimming for the four Tates and one of the Parker girls. They splashed and lolled and showed each other strokes, happily unconscious of the passing of time. It was when Alice Parker drew herself up on the edge of the reservoir and spied some one coming that fate began to stir up the lives of the Tates, unaware as they were of anything portentous in the offing.

They heard Alice call coquettishly, "Hello, Vance!"

Then a young fellow appeared on the ledge beside her, a statue done in bronze except for his blue denim swimming trunks. He was so spectacularly good-looking that Paula gasped and then choked on the water she had drawn in. She was furious at herself for coughing and sputtering, for she knew unerringly that otherwise she had it all over Alice Parker in her shapeless jersey suit.

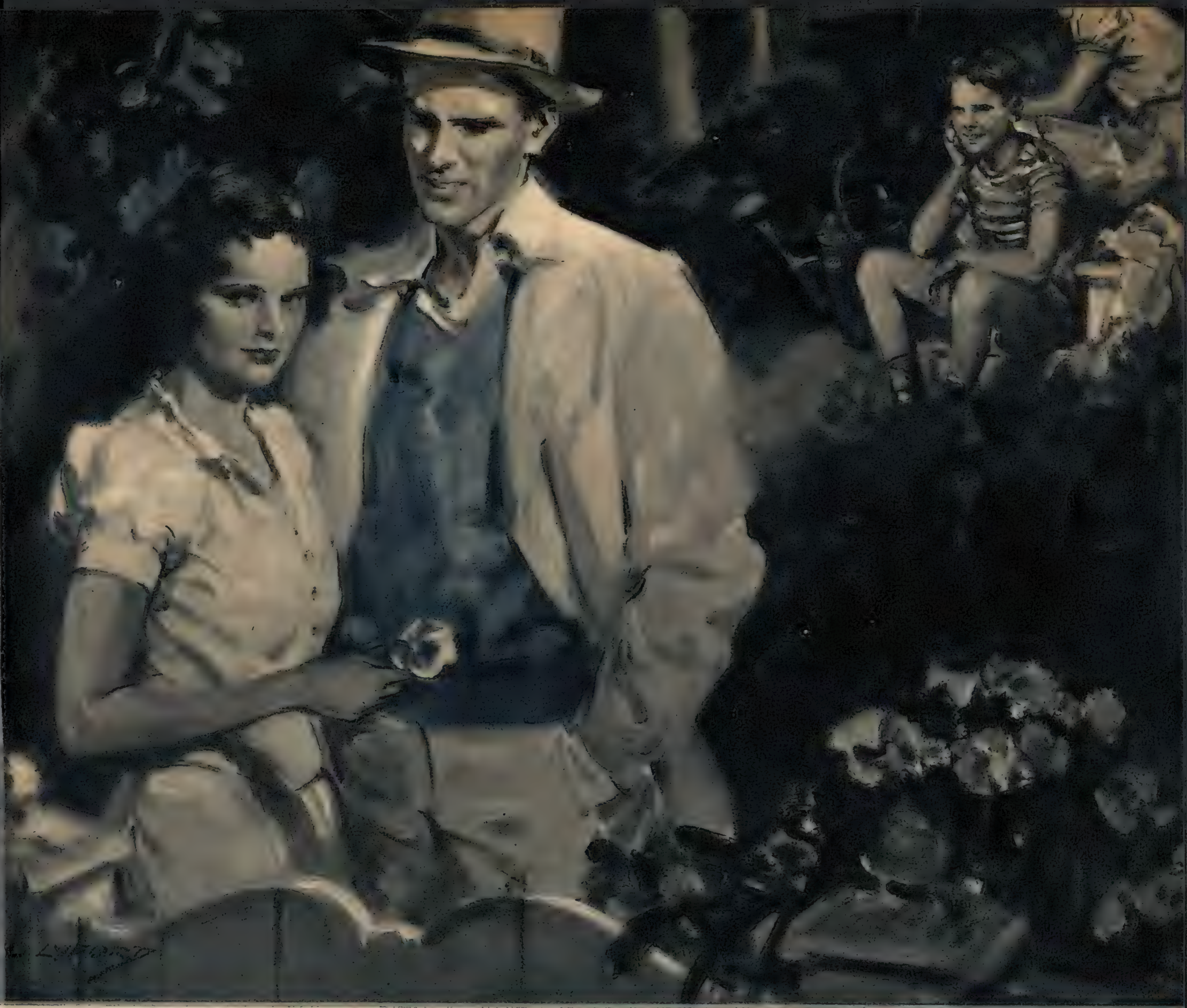
Jonathan was being introduced to the newcomer. "This is Vance Arnold—he's from the CCC camp," Alice explained.

Jonathan was instantly interested. He had driven by the camp several times and was always seeing husky chaps in olive-drab trucks on the road. Jonathan had vague but exalted ideas about what the Civilian Conservation Corps was doing.

"You boys swim here?" he asked as he shook hands.

Alice answered hastily, "Oh, papa doesn't let the public in. But he knows Vance from the time he stopped a brush fire near here."

Vance Arnold's gray eyes were ap-



They stood there talking eagerly. At least, Vance talked, and Paula listened with bent head.

Paula takes the limelight in this new chronicle of the Tates, and her first love worries them all

BY ETHEL DOHERTY and LOUISE LONG

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

preciatively taking in the now recovered Paula, and he dived in to join her as Alice tossed names about. He had an agreeable voice and he spoke her language: "Where have you been all my life?" Very trite but dazzlingly new when he looked at her that way.

Jonathan was a nuisance. He came swimming over to them, and then, treading water, began talking breathlessly: "Are you reforesting the burned area in the mountains? Glory, I think it's thrilling, saving the watersheds and everything."

"It's hard work," Vance said lazily, his eyes on Paula. "Perhaps not as romantic as you think."

"Oh, Jonathan sees everything in terms of romance," Paula said, with an idea of discouraging her brother.

"And don't *you?*" the new boy persisted.

It was like that—fun, kidding each other, even if Jonathan did insist on being academic about the CCC. Paula managed to find out a lot of things about Vance himself, in spite of Jonathan.

Binnie had had enough. She was drying herself when she heard Mrs. Parker down in the barnyard: "Here, chick, chick, chick."

"Jonathan!" Binnie called. "The chickens! They'll go to bed without their dinner!"

"What?" Jonathan felt the drag of the humdrum. "Oh, yes, it is getting late. Come on, Paula."

The Tates all made a rush for their car, calling back thanks to Alice Parker, and Vance sang out, "Meet you here tomorrow!"

In the car the four dripped over the worn upholstery, unaware of discomfort.

"Isn't he wonderful, Jonathan?" Paula murmured. "Our own kind!"

Jonathan slowed down as a farm boy herded his cows across the road. Through the dust they all recognized the brawny Byron who had taught them how to farm their new three-acre

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"ranch," and who really had begun to believe in their integrity before he left them.

"Hello," Byron said; and then, enviously, "You musta got done your chores early."

Startled looks answered him and Jonathan stepped on the accelerator. But Vance Arnold was still the subject of conversation as they rattled up to the back door.

Carol was in the kitchen, running distractedly from sink to stove, when they burst in.

"Mother, we've met the nicest boy!" Paula cried, and Jonathan supplemented, "From the CCC. Doing wonderful things!"

"'Our own kind.'" Douglas mimicked Paula's tone and got the first direct look from his mother.

"Get off your wet things," Carol answered, "all of you. There's everything to do. Listen to Isabella."

The cow was making the evening air mournful with her complaint.

"I'll milk her right away," Paula said blithely, in nowise dashed as she raced for the shower.

The others were dressed and back in record time after feeding the chickens and rabbits. They attacked the luncheon dishes, though their mother was trying to beat an omelet on a corner of the disordered sink board at the same time. When Paula came in with a pail full of milk there was added clatter while getting it strained, but she talked above it:

"His name is Vance Arnold, mother—and he's twenty. His forefathers came here in an early day and acquired a big rancho. They sold it off, piece by piece, but his father still had acres of oranges and a gorgeous house. Then they lost everything. Doesn't that sound like us, mother?"

Jonathan, at the dishpan, put in, "And now he's in the CCC. They're saving the forests and building roads. Their dams saved this valley a flood last winter. Glory—he's doing something *big!*"

Carol put the omelet into a slow oven, where it was to dry over the top for five minutes. She had heard them all, but her mind still traveled a treadmill. She said to Jonathan, "Are the bathing suits in wet lumps on the bathroom floor?"

"Forgot to hang 'em up! *Allez-vous,* Binnie, *merci beaucoup.*"

"I can't reach the lines," Binnie said imperturbably, polishing a spoon with elaborate care.

Carol sighed gustily. Her head swam with the confusion, and even Binnie was slacking.

Jonathan said, "I'll do it later. Mother, this fellow Vance has what it takes—"

Doug announced at the same moment, "This is swell. You just wipe 'em and set 'em on the table. Saves two motions."

"Oh, he's the best-looking thing!" Paula cried, pouring milk into pans.

"Paula's got a case on him," Doug jeered.

His mother turned quickly to see that Paula was spilling the milk and blushing brilliantly. Carol's heart lurched. Paula had never exhibited such symptoms before. Why, she was just a little girl!

"Watch the omelet, Binnie," she said in a strangled voice. "I must give daddy his tonic before dinner."

WHEN she appeared on the veranda with the big bottle and spoon, Rodney got up from his chair. "You shouldn't have bothered, darling. I guess I drifted off to sleep."

"In all that uproar? Rodney, listen. Paula's fallen in love!"

She said it tragically. He laughed.

"How can you, Rodney!" She was almost in tears. "I hadn't thought of that contingency in throwing them out in the world this way. She'd have been safe in Miss Graydon's School for years yet. Rodney—he's a boy from the CCC camp!"

Rodney took his tonic. "A roughneck?"

"He seems to be a handsome aristocrat in reduced circumstances, gallantly laboring to keep the home fires burning. At the same time he's saving the forests for posterity. That appeals to Jonathan, of course. But *Paula*—"

Rodney pulled her down in his lap. "Look, angel. Maybe this is the answer to your dictator problem. They make a tin god of a boy who sticks to his job, no matter how tiresome. So what? So they emulate him. See?"

She began to relax in his arms. "I told you I was losing my perspective. But the idea of Paula—it terrified me!"

"Let's look this lad over," he proposed, "and encourage the friendship. I've a hunch he's going to be extremely useful. Suppose we ask him to dinner?"

The dinner invitation enchanted the young Tates, and they got a prompt acceptance next day when they saw Vance at the reservoir.

Carol worked hard on the preparations, filled with misgivings but still hopeful of Rodney's "hunch." She went into Paula's room just before the guest was due, and found that young lady seated atop her bed. She was dressing herself there, pulling on sheer stockings, then standing on the bed to draw a smart little print dress over her silken scanties.

"Playing you're in a Pullman?" Carol asked brightly.

"You don't seem to realize I'm grown up, mother," Paula complained. "I just don't like to stand on this floor in my stocking feet. What makes all those curls over it, anyway?"

"Lint and dust. Sweeping is the answer."

"Well, I did it two weeks ago," Paula said virtuously.

"Nothing ever stays done," Carol remarked. "It's a good thing our guest won't see this room. He probably has ideals of how a home is kept. No doubt his barracks are in military trim."

"Mother, you're so quaint," Paula said, stepping into her high-heeled sandals. "Men don't notice things like that." She regarded herself approvingly in the mirror.

SHE was so right. Vance Arnold noticed nothing, not even the excellent food and the charmingly set table, nothing but the pretty sparkling Paula.

Rodney drew him out and he talked well. Laconically, more or less, about the CCC, but he warmed up about his former life on the orange ranch, which sounded opulent and gay, as did his summers on Catalina Island where he had dived for abalones.

"My father died five years ago," he said, "and we found he'd mortgaged the ranch to the limit. We had a bad freeze and couldn't afford to smudge—and—well, that was the end of it. My mother and I have struggled along somehow, and now this CCC job keeps her from starving, anyway."

It was an interesting story, as told by so personable a youth. Paula scarcely ate a mouthful and gave Vance her exclusive attention. Jonathan, too, was attentive—with a difference. Jonathan ate his food.

After dinner, Rodney and Carol settled down in the living room, letting the youngsters entertain the guest on the veranda. It was moonlight out there, and the air was filled with the scent of orange blossoms from their two old trees. To Paula's disgust, Doug and Binnie stuck there, too, just like irritating wild-oat seeds. Vance had brought his ukulele and they sang all the popular radio tunes. Paula could imitate a blues singer and did so tonight with devastating feeling on the eternal theme of "He's left me now-w-w—"

After a while Carol and Rodney became aware of Vance Arnold's voice raised in a monologue: "I tell you, our generation has been handed the worst deal in history! No jobs for us, no hope of a career." They could see him striding up and down outside the windows. "I ought to be in college right now, instead of handling a pick and shovel. That's my heritage—my right! And look at me! Look at you!"

Rodney laid down his book, his eyes sharpening, and Carol's mending lay forgotten in her lap.

Jonathan said, "Oh, well, there've been depressions before—"

"Not like this," Vance interrupted. "We're in this fix because your parents and mine played fast and loose with the wealth of this country. They had a good time spending—"

"Hold on!" Jonathan said, and Paula cried out, "It wasn't dad's fault—his partner was crooked and he was ill—"

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"I didn't mean to be personal," Vance protested. "This thing's too big for that. I mean all of the old generations since the war—and before that. They've robbed us! We're left holding an empty bag. There isn't a chance for young Americans any more."

McGraw's excited barking almost drowned out his voice, and Binnie squealed, "He's got something treed! I think it's a cat." A rush of footsteps took them off the porch to investigate.

Rodney sank back and looked at Carol with a wry smile. "There's a lot of bitter truth in what he said."

"But I hope he isn't sowing in their minds the seed of failure-before-they-start. What do you think now? Is he the perfect pattern?"

"For industrious quality, yes. Those boys in the Cs have to apply themselves, no matter if they're rebels at heart—or they can't stay there. And rebels who work make the world better."

"I don't know." She took up her mending again. "I'll take Byron, plodding on his ranch."

"But Paula wouldn't. Good looks and manners count."

Just then they both caught sight of Paula disappearing through the rear door of the living room, a smug pleased look on her face.

"Now she thinks we're sold on Vance, too," Carol whispered. "Well, let's see if they try to live up to the tin god."

THERE was certainly no sign of it in the days that followed. Business went on as usual under the unwilling dictator's promptings. Byron came by one morning on his way to town, and almost instituted a purge. His former pupils went with him to inspect the vegetable garden they had all worked so hard to make ready and plant. Carol saw them there and strolled down as Byron began poking around among the plants. Some of them were wilted. Many green leaves were riddled with holes. Gaps in the rows showed failures.

"Sow bugs," Byron announced, "and snails. I told you what to do."

Jonathan said defensively, "I put the poison out once."

Byron snorted. "Oncet! Eggs hatch out. I told you. And you ain't irrigated deep." He glared up at them. "Been sprinklin', huh? Takin' it easy. What'd you start a garden patch for anyhow?"

The four culprits stood silent while Carol mentally cheered. Then Paula said loftily:

"It's such a bore—doing everything over and over again."

Byron got up. "Dudes!" he said caustically, and stamped off.

Paula shrugged. "He's impossibly rude!"

Jonathan said fiercely, "Doug, where's that bug poison?"

"I'll get it," Douglas said. "But aren't we going swimming?"

"Not till late this afternoon," Paula said quickly. "Then Vance will be there."

"Just as a suggestion—not an order," said Madam Dictator, "you'd better dry out your suits, which are in heaps on the screened porch floor since yesterday."

Paula asked amiably, "Isn't it funny, mother, how we can't get over the habit of waiting to be waited on?"

"So funny I could cry," her mother admitted.

VANCE came home with them unexpectedly from the swim, and Jonathan explained that he was going to drive him to camp later.

"He's come to say good-by," Paula said forlornly.

"Well, well!" Rodney said. "Have a seat. Leaving the CCC?"

"Yes, Mr. Tate, I am." Vance draped himself on the veranda rail, where he looked more than ever like a god with the westering sun limning his muscular brown body and handsome profile.

"Do have some cake!" Carol said, acutely aware of Paula's open misery and trying not to be too gleeful over the impending departure as she passed him the plate.

"Discharged?" asked Rodney genially.

"Honorably discharged," Vance amended, dropping his pose as he bit into his hunk of cake.

"Rich uncle die?" prompted Rodney.

"No. It's like this, Mr. Tate: Mother has wangled me a job with a friend of hers—nothing much, but you can get out of the CCC if you can get a job in private industry."

"Hmmm. I take it the CCC wasn't too alluring!"

"I should say not! It's orders, orders, orders all the time, Mr. Tate—about your work, about everything. It gets to be intolerable. Take just this matter of standing retreat every afternoon at four forty-five. It's the time I happen to want to go swimming. What's the result? Reprimands, fines, when I'm not there. It's regimentation—and no full-blooded American is going to stand that!"

Rodney glanced at Jonathan who was looking gravely at Vance, any expression lost by the shine of his glasses. Paula was still pensive and remote. He turned back to Vance and said dryly, "Obeying orders seems to be un-American. What's the new job like?"

"Addressing envelopes. No future, of course. But I can take my own time to it—and it takes me off degrading work."

Jonathan spoke for the first time: "Saving forests—degrading?" he asked in an unbelieving tone.

Vance laughed shortly. "You see the trees. I see the shovel and the dirt. Just a laboring man's job—and I'm better than that. I mean, potentially, of course."

Paula, hugging her knees, looked up at him. "What are you going to be, Vance?" she asked softly.

He expanded as if to grateful warmth. "A fellow has to shop around till he finds what suits him," he said, smiling down at her. "I'd like to be a journalist, for example—or a fiction writer."

"How about ranching," she asked, "since you were born to it?"

Carol winced at her eager tone, rather obviously putting forward what she would like best for him to do.

"It's slavery," he said decisively. "You must know that by this time. Unless, like my father, you hire it done. And that takes capital. No, I'll find something where I don't have to take orders. Something that suits my class. Of course," he brooded, lounging on the rail becomingly again, "if I'd had the chance due me to go to college, I'd be better equipped."

"Yes, that's tough," Jonathan said thoughtfully.

There were trenchant words Rodney Tate could have uttered, but he was saving them. Soon the boy said he must go, made his farewells admirably, and then seized Paula's hand and pulled her off the porch with him. They pranced like restive good-looking colts to the gate and stood there talking eagerly. At least, Vance talked, and Paula listened with bent head.

Jonathan went down and got in the car while Doug and Binnie scampered to the gate to wave damp towels after the departing guest.

Carol said to Rodney, "A big help he turned out to be!"

"Yes. My hunch turned into a boomerang," he admitted. "No doubt we'll soon see the effects."

BUT at the dinner table, the usual place for voicing ideas, the four young Tates were preoccupied. Their parents watched them apprehensively, fairly sure now that the seeds of rebellion were sprouting.

Doug finished with a gulping drink of water, stared at his elder sister over the rim of his glass, and broke into song: "'He's left me now-w-w—'" It was an uncouth imitation of Paula's haunting husky tones.

"Not at the table," Carol admonished, but Paula broke in:

"But *you* don't know what he said to me when he left!"

"I'm not interested," Doug said cuttingly, though it was plain to see he was eaten up by curiosity.

After the dinner dishes were done, the quartet did not appear in the living room as usual. Carol heard much commotion and chatter in Paula's room.

Rodney finally stirred and looked up from the book he had not been reading. "Well, where are they? I've got things to say before this goes any further."

He looked aroused and alarmingly flushed. Carol put her hand pleadingly on his arm. "Let me handle it, dear—"

"It's time I began behaving like a father," he retorted. "Would you mind rounding them up?"

Carol rose unwillingly and called up to them. Presently they dashed down the stairs. Jonathan had a sheaf of papers in his hand, and Paula lugged their great-grandmother's journal.

"You haven't been reading Amanda's story again, surely!"

"We were just refreshing our minds," Paula said. "Look, daddy. She was like us, wasn't she? I mean, she'd been used to everything nice—"

"She was cultured," Jonathan broke in, "as my tutor said."

"Yes," Paula hurried on, "and she started a farm in a raw country—she and Malcolm, that is. Now, they weren't the Byron type. Yet they succeeded."

"They had pests, too," Doug contributed. "I thought they were all grasshoppers, like the first time she told about, but there were probably sow bugs and snails—"

"And that's a good place for me to take off," Rodney interrupted severely, "on what I've got to say."

Paula, unimpressed by his new manner, plumped down on her knees beside his chair. "Remember, daddy, how we promised you in the hospital, when you put it up to us, that we could do this farming if Amanda did?"

"I remember very well," Rodney said sternly. "And I remember telling you I believed you had inherited her courage."

Paula said emphatically, "Well, it takes her way of sticking to it, too."

Jonathan took the floor. "It's like this, dad. If you can't stick on a job and do it, whether you like it or not, you're no good for something better."

Carol choked and turned it into a cough, but Rodney said gravely, "As a man who employed men and women for years, I concede that. The ones who stuck got there."

"Exactly! Now, you take a fellow like Vance—"

Rodney and Carol looked involuntarily at Paula, and she told them earnestly, "You were so mistaken in him, mother and dad. He's a perfect pattern of what *not* to be! He's a crybaby and he's lazy and—" Her cheeks flushed hotly. "He asked me to wait for him. Of course that was a compliment—but imagine! Why, I'd be an old maid before he made up his mind what he *liked* to do!"

"Why the change of heart?" Rodney asked curiously, looking from her to Jonathan.

"Didn't you hear him?" Jonathan asked, amazed. "Paula got the idea first while we were doing the chores outside. We all talked it over during dishes, and then we helped Paula clean her room, and then we read Amanda. Why, I saw that CCC camp this afternoon—and obeying orders is what makes it so shipshape. You see, sir, to get things done, you either have to take orders or give them to yourself. And we figure we'd better begin by carrying out our own orders."

"Tell him the plan," Douglas urged.

Jonathan shuffled his papers and set his glasses straight. "We've worked out a schedule. Chores and hours for each one of us." He looked at Carol. "That will relieve you, mother. You've had to remind us a lot, and that isn't fair when you're busy learning to be the commissary yourself."

"Hear, hear!" Carol said faintly.

"And any one who can't stick to the job," Paula cried, "and make himself do it over every day—is simply no descendant of Amanda Tate!"

"Sons and Daughters of American Pioneers," Rodney said. "Now you've only got to prove it."

"I do like democracy," Carol murmured in her old-time droll way, "better than a dictatorship."

No one understood her but Rodney, and he sent her his own special caressing smile. "A *Putsch* avoided too," he said, "and father back to peacetime pursuits.

THE END

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

BY OLIVER SWIFT

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THE *Shame* OF HOT SPRINGS

Gangsters welcome! said the police. All facts are from the files of the G-men

by

FRED [illegible]

Features of the Hot Springs alliance between "law and order" and vice and crime came to light during the legislative investigation in February, 1937. It appeared that the state poll tax was used by the local machine to control the local vote; if you voted "right," your tax was paid for you. It also appeared that unless you voted right you lost your job if you worked for the city, or in some cases if you didn't. And a former policeman testified that local ballot boxes had been stuffed during the last state primary election.

Other testimony indicated definitely that corruption extended to the local courts. The legislative committee's majority concluded, as appeared in its report, that for years the Circuit Court judge must have known of the gambling operations in Hot Springs and Garland County. The report mentioned evidence that at least one of his relatives held a remunerative position with two gambling clubs. There was testimony to the effect that the swanky clubs made a practice of putting prominent persons, relatives of officials, and some members of the police and fire departments on their pay rolls, or otherwise making large gifts to them. The son of Chief of Police Wakelin was named as a club employee. (Galatas, "fixer" in Hot Springs for big-shot criminals the nation over, stated that as a con man he had been paying regularly for protection since about 1931.) It was testified that protection money was collected from small-fry gamblers by means of fines—but not from the magnates whose gambling clubs employed officials' relatives.

..As for Hot Springs' red-light district, the F. B. I. investigation under Hoover's personal direction revealed that Chief Wakelin, Dutch Akers, and other police officers not only extended protection to disorderly houses but associated with their operators and inmates. It was on Akers' advice that the notorious Grace Goldstein moved her establishment into a hotel. For months she kept frequent engagements with Chief Wakelin. The most serious thing about their friendship was that he gave her confidential Police Department information, and told her of steps the authorities meant to take in the pursuit of badly wanted fugitives.

PART THREE—CROOKS' HEAVEN

THE sour honor of being called Public Enemy Number One has been claimed during the past decade by many a murky-minded, blood-bespattered bandit whom no honest man would choose to meet in a lonely alley on a moonless night. But of all the lot that sought the bloody purple of underworld supremacy, none could wear it with a truer sense of rich deserving than Francis Albin Karpavicz.

Throughout his mad career as leader of the Karpis-Barker gang of robbers, [illegible]rers, and high-ransom [illegible]z, or Karpis as he [illegible]ll-America thug. [illegible]y have a special [illegible]terested in this [illegible], for it was [illegible]h published in [illegible]vin Karpis was [illegible] Hot Springs, [illegible]d if it hadn't [illegible]ertain officers [illegible]e Department [illegible]ost corrupt in [illegible]h alone might [illegible]ck.

[illegible]larm was out [illegible] station in the [illegible] large reward [illegible] picture and description was tacked on the door of the Hot Springs station itself—immediately above the box where members of the force received their mail each day—this notorious criminal was allowed to roam by day among the lakes and hills of Hot Springs National Park and to revel at night in the casinos and brothels of the spa itself. Protected at every step by an invisible cordon of police that would have done credit to the reception of a visiting monarch from a friendly land, the king of crime moved freely with his concubines and his men-at-arms about the crowded streets of America's gayest all-year watering place.

When the money ran low—as it was bound to do when it ran so fast—King Karpis would charter himself a plane, fly to some distant state, rob a bank or hold up a mail train, fly back to Hot Springs with the loot, and begin all over again his lewd and luxurious life.

For open defiance of the law by lawbreakers and law enforcers alike, the Arkansas exploits of Alvin Karpis and the corrupt Hot Springs police constitute the most amazing chapter in the history of American crime—a chapter to which "finis" might never have been written if it hadn't been for J. Edgar Hoover and the F. B. I.

When the G-men realized that the high officials of the Hot Springs force were not what they seemed to be, honest, efficient, reliable defenders of the public weal, but faithless befoulers of the good name of law-enforcement officers, on whose word no dependence could be put, Hoover went into action as only he can go. It was not long before he and his men had Alvin Karpis on his way to Alcatraz. But the months before he went into action were—there is no denying it—hell in Hot Springs.

The hell began in the early summer of 1935, when connoisseurs in such matters noted that Grace Goldstein, most notorious madam in the Southwest, had a new boy friend, to wit, a young man who called himself Ed King.

Ed had recently arrived at Carpenter's Dam on Lake Catherine, near Hot Springs, and had rented a cottage. With him was a slightly older man whom he introduced as his brother Harold. The two men described themselves variously as big gamblers from the East and nightclub operators from Ohio. Ed was Karpis; Harold was Fred Hunter, a Karpis lieutenant, now serving a thirty-year sentence in an Oklahoma penitentiary. They were both fugitives from justice.

Ed and Harold took up this rural life on June 5, and the following day they visited Mrs. Goldstein's house at 123 Palm Street, Hot Springs.

At this emporium the Hunter man fell hard for Connie Morris, the fairly personable young woman who was later to win a prize at a Karpis-Hunter-Hot-Springs-Police orgy by standing on a chair and taking off all her clothes. But Karpis, for reasons that take a little explaining—since Grace was on the plump side and would never have taken a prize in any strip-tease exhibition—favored the proprietress. In fact he very soon "propositioned" the short stocky madam, according to the F. B. I. records, to become what she later euphoniously described as his "common-law wife."

"She told me," related one of Mr. Hoover's men, "that since Karpis appeared to have a lot of money, she decided to play him for a sucker. She said he agreed to pay her $200 weekly for the time she spent with him, plus all drinks consumed by Fred Hunter and her girls."

AT the subsequent trial of Grace and three Hot Springs police officials for conspiring to harbor Alvin Karpis, a fugitive from justice, Federal District Attorney Isgrig suggested by his questions a more plausible reason for the payment of $200 a week plus "extras."

"What was the relation between you and Karpis?" the district attorney asked.

"I was his common-law wife," she replied.

"What did he pay you?"

"I got a whole lot. I spent all I wanted to."

"Did you spend as much as $20,000?"

"I probably did, but I cannot say for sure."

"What did you do with the $20,000?"

"I spent it," she said. "I made trips—lots of trips."

"What kind of services would you render Karpis in exchange for the $20,000?" the district attorney inquired.

"Keep him company," she replied.

"Do you mean to say that this gangster paid you $20,000 for the privilege of associating with you?" the district attorney demanded.

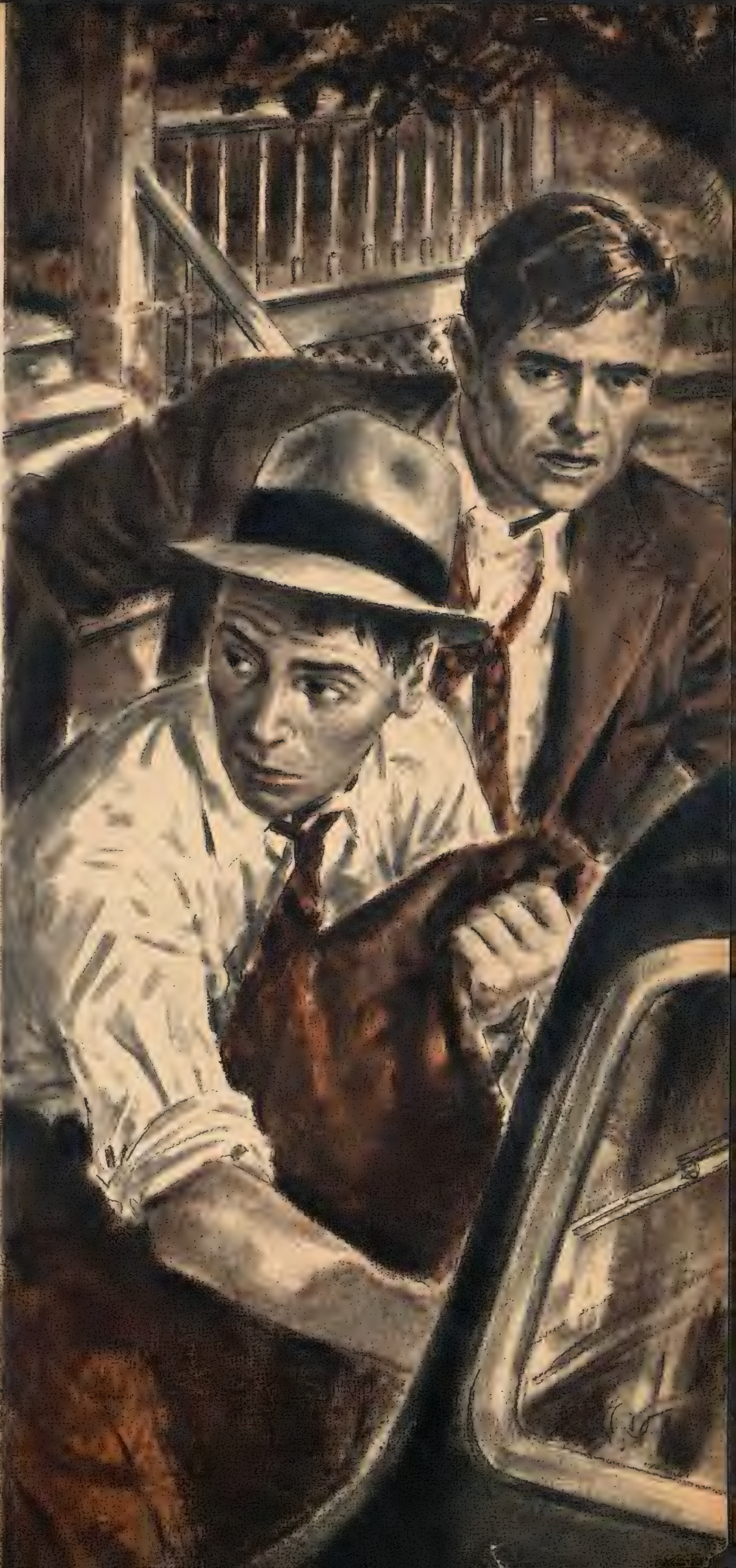
"He certainly did," Mrs. Goldstein retorted.

"Whom did you split the money with?" Mr. Isgrig inquired.

"I spent it on myself," she replied.

Whatever the motivating causes may have been for Karpis' taking up with Grace Goldstein, he did so—and the strangely assorted quartet soon became familiar figures in the cafés and gambling clubs of the resort city and on the lakes and motor highways of the surrounding countryside.

Hunter was a small man nearing forty, with nondescript brown hair, blue-gray eyes, and medium complexion. He was lean and pinched, with an expression that was sinister without being menacing—the type of yes man that so often follows in the wake of master criminals. Except for a ragged scar on his right wrist, he bore no distinguishing marks. That even so astute a detective as Dutch



"Akers and Wakelin came there and honked the horn of their car, and those two men came out to their car and talked."

Even at its worst, Hot Springs looked like a town in which law and order were on the up-and-up. This is its main stem, Central Avenue.

Alvin Karpis, notorious public enemy, long had the freedom of Hot Springs.

Fred Hunter, Karpis' lieutenant, hit the Hot Springs hot spots with him.

Sam Coker of the Karpis-Barker gang also found it a snug place to sojourn.

Akers, chief of Hot Springs detectives, should have failed to identify him was quite understandable.

Karpis, on the other hand, was, as criminals go, outstanding—a blue-eyed, chestnut-locked chap, slightly less than thirty years of age, slightly less than six feet in height, but who looked taller because of the slightness of his build, and older because of three scars on his sallow face. One scar, below the left ear, was more than four inches long.

His was, one would think, an unforgettable face.

Yet super-sleuth Akers, whose uncanny memory for faces and license numbers was the talk of all the country round about, showed no sign of recognizing the face of Grace's new gallant as the one he must have seen a thousand times in the place of prominence on the station-house door; and neither did Chief of Police Joe Wakelin nor Identification Officer Cecil Brock.

That there were many other reasons why all of these officers *should* have recognized Karpis immediately there can be no doubt. He was, at the time, a fugitive from justice because of the Edward George Bremer kidnaping in St. Paul, Minnesota, for $200,000 ransom in 1934. Pictures of the wanted man were not only sent to police officers over the country but were published in newspapers and magazines. Moreover, agents of the F. B. I. had personally discussed with the Hot Springs officers the possibility of Karpis hiding in Hot Springs.

"I asked Cecil Brock," stated one G-man, "if he recalled receiving in April, 1934, an identification card and wanted notice on Karpis. He said he did, and that he put them on Chief Wakelin's desk so that he and Herbert 'Dutch' Akers would have an opportunity to see them before they were filed. He said he particularly remembered the picture of Alvin Karpis and the pictures were on Wakelin's desk for some time."

Another special agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation also delivered pictures of several members of the Karpis-Barker gang, including Karpis, to Akers in March, 1934.

"I informed Akers," he said, "that we were making inquiries in connection with an investigation concerning these men. Akers stated that he knew all of them but Barker."

Yet, when one of those he knew—and that one the leader—showed up in Hot Springs scarcely more than a year later, Akers looked at him with unseeing eyes.

Others were not so blind. Liberty reader Rowe recognized him at once. Red Book reader Brown did likewise. Neighbors of the various Karpis-Goldstein households—the pair apparently moved whenever Akers and Wakelin tipped them off to do so—saw Karpis' picture in newspapers and identified him as Ed King, or Ed Parker, as he sometimes called himself while in Hot Springs. Finally, an eight-year-old child ran to her aunt with a newspaper photograph of the wanted criminal.

"Look," she cried—"here's Grace Goldstein's boy friend!"

Naturally, these people didn't keep their suspicions to themselves—especially as there was a total of $7,000 in rewards on Karpis' head.

Mrs. Vada Nyberg, a Hot Springs saleswoman, while visiting a friend who lived next door to Karpis and the Goldstein woman on one occasion, recognized the gangster from a photograph she had seen, and went with her news to the chief of police.

"Wakelin," she recalled, "turned peculiar-looking and said I was crazy—that Karpis was nowhere near the Arkansas state line. I offered to drive him to the place in the car I was driving, but he said he could not go then. I went to police headquarters a second time to talk to him about it, and he said the matter would be investigated."

The testimony of one of Grace's girls, Della May Jeffries, at the subsequent trial of the conspirators showed that not only Wakelin but Akers and Brock were fully warned as to Karpis' presence in Hot Springs. The government drew from Miss Jeffries, according to the newspaper account of the trial, the story of how she saw a newspaper picture of Karpis in December, 1935, and recognized it as being the same man who had stayed at the Goldstein establishment under the names of "Ed King" and "Ed Parker," and called the matter to the attention of Mrs. Goldstein, Brock, and Akers.

Mrs. Goldstein, the witness said, "turned white and acted kind of nervous" when she was shown the picture. Miss Jeffries said the woman told her the picture "looked nothing like King." Miss Jeffries said when she spoke to Brock about the picture he told her he had not seen it.

"I told him I thought Grace's boy friend was Alvin Karpis, and he said that he would look into it," she continued.

"That night or the next I saw Akers and told him about it, and he said he would check up. He cautioned me not to talk to any one except Grace about the matter, because Karpis was a desperate man and I might get bumped off. He told me to find out all I could from Grace and let him know what I found out."

THE girl said that on another occasion she went to the Hot Springs police station and identified a picture of Karpis as "Grace's boy friend." She said she had talked to Akers regularly for the purpose of giving him information.

"I told Akers about the men living at Dyer's Landing, about one of them giving Grace a wrist watch and a car, about them making frequent trips out of town, staying a few days, and about the kind of car they were driving," she testified. "I would go to Akers promptly and tell him everything I found out. He told me if these men were the ones, they were desperate and would knock me off."

Miss Jeffries' sister testified she had heard Miss Jeffries and Akers discuss the Karpis picture found in the newspaper.

The G-men uncovered much more evidence to prove that Akers, Wakelin, and Brock were on notice, first as to the fact that Karpis was wanted, and second as to his presence within their jurisdiction.

During the time Karpis and Hunter were calling on Grace Goldstein and Connie Morris, in June, 1935, they were still residing in a rented cottage at Carpenter's Dam, where they fished and lived the lives of rich idlers. One day they were fishing on the lake in a boat owned by a World War veteran who accompanied them as a guide. After a time the latter noticed Police Chief Joe

(Continued on page 34)

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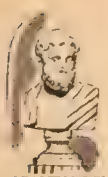
A Geographic HALL OF FAME

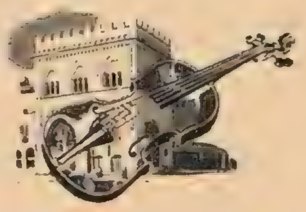


Many important cities of the world, many old towns that have played a part in history, are inseparably linked in the public mind with some one thing that they have sent to us, to eat or wear or otherwise enjoy. A well-known broadcaster of "Nothing but the Truth," reminds you here of twelve of these cities, and adds some facts you may have overlooked.

ANGORA *(Goats)*

When the late great ruler of the Turkish Republic moved his government to Angora, the world said, "Ah! Where the goats come from!" Through a thousand years of fighting, the city has changed and rechanged hands; armies have come and gone; the goats have stayed; beautiful goats, distinguished for their long and silky hair. And in the minds of people everywhere, Angora and goats are natural associates.

CREMONA *(Violins)*



July Fourth was Glorious even in 1667, for a certain young violin-maker of Cremona. On that day, Antonio Stradivari declared his independence—of money troubles. He married a rich widow, and promised her that he'd be the best violin-maker in all the world. To keep that promise, he made bigger and better violins till he was 93! He sold them for $20 apiece; some of them now are worth $50,000. To Stradivarius we owe the fact that in the language of culture, Cremona means violins.

MADRAS *(Cotton Fabric)*

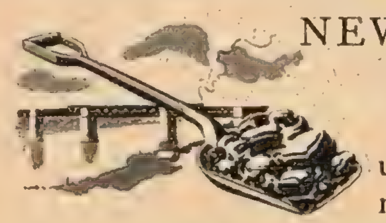
One of the first Americans to wear shirts made of the cloth we call madras, was Elihu Yale, patron of the university that bears his name. Elihu's shirts were doubtless of good quality; they were made for him in the Indian city of Madras itself, during his residence there as governor of a fortress. All this was 250 years ago; but Madras is still a sign of quality in cotton fabrics.

BOLOGNA *(Sausages)*

The medieval city of Bologna looks much the same as when Dante studied at its university. A quaint Italian saying, "The Wise, the Free, the Fat," pictures the old city's learning, its democracy, and its famous sausages, which still are called "Bologna."

DRESDEN *(China)*

"As pretty as a Dresden shepherdess." We often hear those words today, when some graceful and charming girl is being discussed; and we could have heard the same words, describing other dainty ladies, two hundred years ago. In 1707, the royal porcelain factory, at Dresden in Saxony, began its amazing output of art objects, groups and figures; and Dresden became the word for china.



NEWCASTLE *(Coal)*

Newcastle-upon-Tyne is named after a very *old* castle that was "new" in 1080. After coal was discovered there in 1234, the "firewood interests" blocked its general use for four hundred years. But even in the old wood-burning days, people began to joke about "carrying coals to Newcastle."

SHEFFIELD *(Steel)*

Geoffrey Chaucer, writing in 1387, tells of a miller who
wore in his hose a "Sheffield whittle,'
said implement being a cross between
dagger and a table knife. Arrows tippe
with Sheffield steel defeated Richard II
at Bosworth Field. A modest display o
Sheffield cutlery ranked high among th
treasures of many a pioneer America
housewife. Which goes to show that th
city of Sheffield came naturally by it
reputation for steelware.

BELFAST *(Linen*

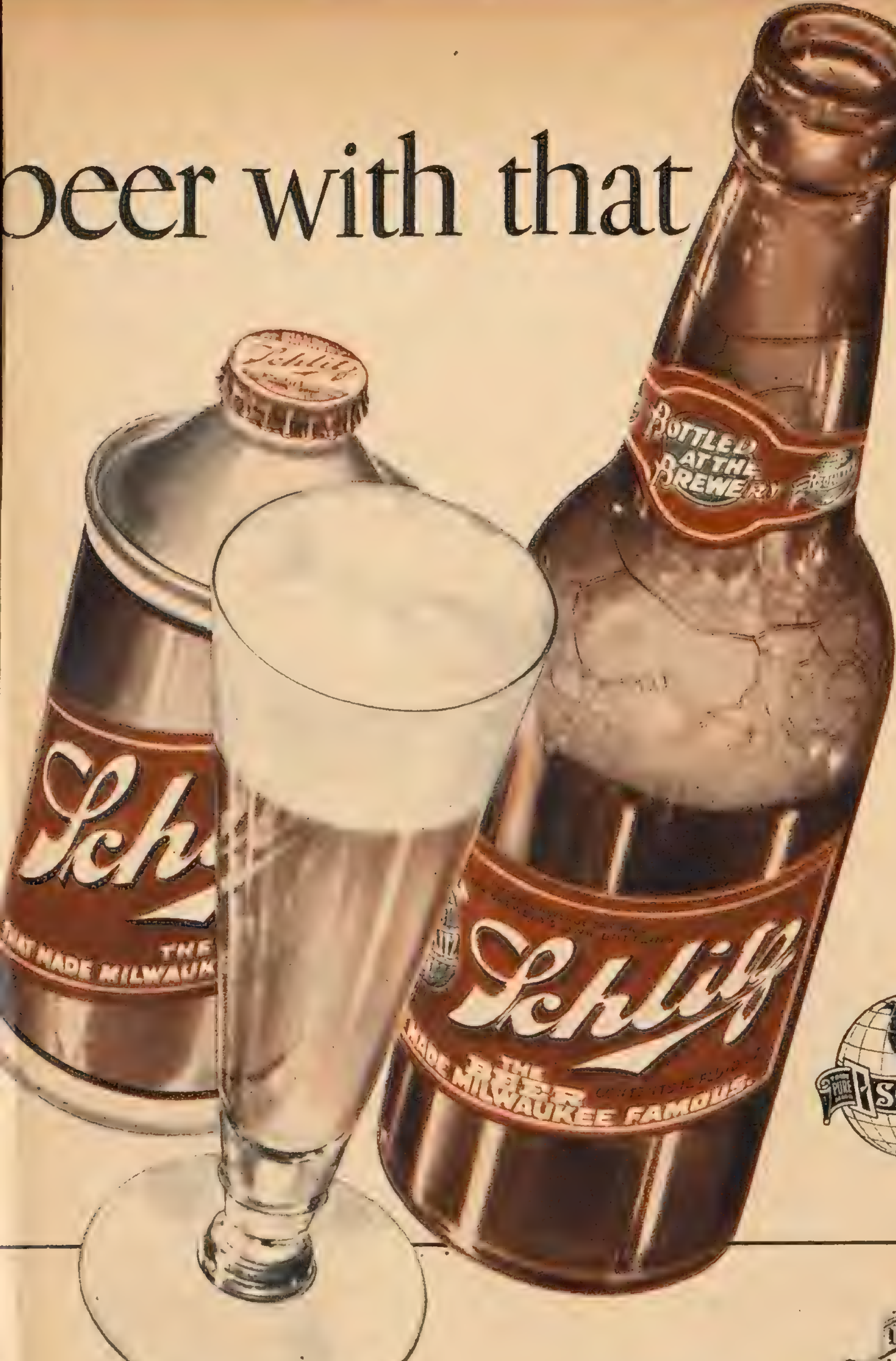
Thackeray said o
Belfast, "It looks hearty
and prosperous, as if i
had money in its pockets
and roast beef for dinner." The city owe
its thriving appearance to a knock tha
was a boost. When, in 1698, the Britis
parliament hindered Ireland's *woole*
trade, the Irish turned all their energie
to the manufacture of *linen*. The in-

Th

That famous flavor of Schlit
comes to you intact in ever
bottle. *Here's why:* The air tha
sustains life can destroy the fla
vor of the beer *if sealed in th*
bottle. SO—WE TAKE THE AI
OUT OF THE BOTTLE AN IN
STANT BEFORE WE PUT TH
BEER IN. An amazing ne
method that assures you brew
ery-fresh goodness *alway*
Schlitz pioneers again!

Dry

beer with that FAMOUS FLAVOR


Schlitz
BOTTLED AT THE BREWERY
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS
Schlitz
THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE

is the beer that made MILWAUKEE *famous*

That flavor is dry, of course. Yet so expertly is Schlitz brewed that you enjoy the fresh, fragrant tang of the hops without a trace of bitterness. And the rich, robust mellowness of the malt without a whisper of sweetness. The flavor of this pale, gold beer had to be inimitable. It made a city famous around the globe.

dustry centered naturally in Belfast, and Belfast and fine linen became linked as household words.

HAVANA (*Cigars*)

Havana might almost be called a wandering city; founded by Diego de Velasquez on the *south* coast of Cuba, it was soon transferred to another point, and in 1519 removed to its present northern site. There it gained renown for what the Spaniards had called its "curious dried leaves;" and in good time the word "Havana" became another name for cigars.

BOSTON (*Beans and Erudition*)

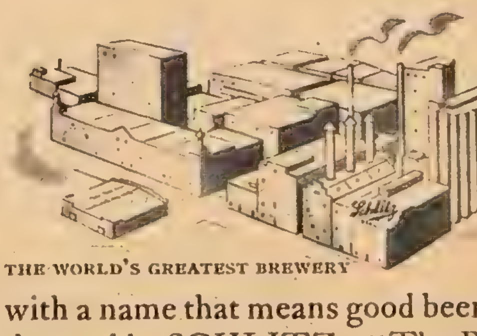
Home in Massachusetts we find two more members for our geographic hall of fame. One of these was not content with giving the world its most famous tea-party, nor with specializing in the field of erudition; it raised the social standing of a humble article of food—and Boston became a synonym for beans!

CONCORD (*Grapes*)

Only twenty miles away is Concord, small in size but great in culture; home of a distinguished group of New England writers, philosophers and poets. Concord joins Boston in appealing to our palates, and earns an added glory from her fine, black, luscious grapes.

MILWAUKEE (*Schlitz Beer*)

Perhaps the best example of all is Milwaukee, of high standing among America's leading cities, noted for valued contributions to the nation's life. Milwaukee arose to international fame inseparably linked with a name that means good beer around the world—SCHLITZ—"The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous."


THE WORLD'S GREATEST BREWERY

NOT SWEET... NEITHER IS IT BITTER

Copyright, 1939 JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

(Continued from page 31)

Wakelin also fishing on the lake, and pulled his boat up alongside of Chief Wakelin's boat for a few minutes of talk. The boats were so close to each other that Karpis could have touched Wakelin's boat with his foot, but even this close proximity between a notorious kidnaper and murderer and a chief of police caused no sign of nervousness or excitement on either side.

KARPIS and Hunter had several cooks and maids in the course of their stay at Carpenter's Dam and later at Dyer's Landing. These various cooks and maids testified during the course of the subsequent trial that on various occasions Grace Goldstein and Connie Morris had visited Alvin Karpis and Fred Hunter at their lakeside cottages, and that on many occasions they would have dinner there and then proceed to town together, apparently with no fear of being apprehended while in the company of these notorious criminals.

Every day the gangsters rode back and forth from their lakeside cottage to Grace Goldstein's house at 123 Palm Street unmolested by Dutch Akers, the "super-sleuth," or other members of the Hot Springs Police Department. At the time they were driving a black Ford coupé bearing Kentucky license plates, and left it parked either in front of this house or in the driveway on the side of the house, day and night.

It should be noted that 123 Palm Street, the premises then occupied by Grace Goldstein, is very close to the United States Government Clinic, where thousands of visitors come to receive free treatment; and because many visitors parked their cars near this Government Clinic, Herbert Akers and Cecil Brock frequented this neighborhood daily. The purpose of their trips, according to their own statements, was to note the out-of-town license plates on parked cars, so as to check the numbers with those of stolen cars which might later be reported to them. Yet Akers, with his uncanny faculty for remembering license numbers, and Brock, the identification officer for the Hot Springs Police Department, allegedly failed to note Karpis' black Ford coupé bearing Kentucky license plates, which was parked every day in front of Grace Goldstein's disorderly house.

Neighbors and others who had become fully aware of the presence of this car which was apparently invisible to Akers and Brock were able to throw light on possible reasons for the invisibility. The testimony of Mrs. Joseph Armenia, resident owner of the apartment house next to the Goldstein place, was eloquent on this point.

"Akers," Mrs. Armenia, a widow woman of most respectable mien, was quoted as saying, "came to the Goldstein house every Monday evening about dusk-dark. Mrs. Goldstein would come out of the house and talk to him at the car, and go back in the house for her purse. She would then get into her own car and follow him away, coming back alone.

"My living room was just across the driveway from her bedroom, and once when she came back I heard her come into the bedroom and say she had paid off the law and the girls would have to get busy."

"Did Akers call at the house while Karpis and Hunter were there?" asked Prosecutor Fred A. Isgrig.

"Yes," said the witness. "Akers and Wakelin came there one night and honked the horn of their car, and those two men whose pictures you showed me came out to their car and talked. Then those two men ran back inside and got their hats and coats and got into their own black coupé which was parked in the driveway, and drove away at such a speed that if anybody had been in the driveway they would have been killed.

"I never saw those two men come back to that house after that, but I saw one of the men some time later in a car with Grace Goldstein."

Mrs. Armenia's testimony was confirmed on various points by a neighbor, Earl Spencer, by her son Roy, and by her sister, Mrs. Lowe, who pointed to Akers and Wakelin in the courtroom and identified them as persons she saw at the Goldstein apartment. She also identified pictures of Karpis, Hunter, Connie Morris, and Harry Campbell, another Karpis mobster, as persons she saw at the Goldstein apartment.

OSCAR P. MUSE, an automobile salesman and brother-in-law of Earl Spencer, told of his efforts to sell Karpis a car at the Goldstein place. "I didn't know who he was," he said, "but I saw him with Grace Goldstein, and I had sold her a car, and I figured if they were friends and she was satisfied with her machine, I might get him interested. But he gave me the cold shoulder and seemed like he didn't want to talk."

Muse said that he had later seen Akers and Karpis together at the Spencer liquor and cigar store, and at another time had observed them driving around together. In fact, he continued, he had seen Akers and Karpis together so much during the summer of 1935 that he inquired of another Hot Springs police official "if they hadn't become buddies." The official, he said, made no reply.

Muse also testified that he saw Wakelin enter the Goldstein house at a time when the black coupé belonging to Karpis was parked in the back.

Grace Goldstein's explanation of the frequent visits of Hot Springs police officers was characteristically different. She told an F. B. I. agent that she was very friendly with Akers and Brock. She said Akers visited her place on Palm Street almost every evening, and when she learned she would have to move, he offered to let her and her girls stay at his country place—called Akers Acres—until they could find a new place.

"When I asked her why Akers came by to see her so often," the G-man concluded, "she explained that he had a crush on her."

Be that as it may, there was no doubt about Grace's close relations with Akers, and whether they were "business," as witnesses who testified thought, or romantic, as she herself maintained, they were evidently enough to justify her in the belief that she was quite able to take care not only of herself but of Karpis. When the latter first came to Hot Springs, he had with him a letter of introduction to Akers, which she promptly tore up. She, Grace Goldstein, could handle the Hot Springs police—and did.

THERE seemed no limit also to the number of amours which Grace—whose real name, believe it or not, was Jewell LaVerne Grayson—could successfully sustain at one time. While she was acting as a "common-law wife" to Karpis and as a "crush" to Akers, she found time to continue her almost nightly meetings with Wakelin, known familiarly to the inmates of her house as "the old man."

At the trial, in spite of many identifications of "the old man" as Wakelin, Grace did her best to shield the former chief of police by telling the jury an elaborate story of how she had thrown over a sixty-six-year-old admirer who had been "very generous" in order to give the King—or Karpis—all of her time, and that this admirer was always referred to as "the old man."

"Wasn't 'the old man' Wakelin?" asked the district attorney.

"No."

"Then who was 'the old man'?"

The defense objected and was sustained by the Court; but Mrs. Goldstein volunteered:

"He is dead now, anyway."

"I might have known he would be, when I wanted him as a witness," snapped the district attorney.

The local paper closed its account of this incident by relating that the crowded courtroom drew an admonition from the bench that any one laughing aloud again would be fined.

Sometime in July, Alvin Karpis and Fred Hunter gave up their residence at Carpenter's Dam and presumably took a trip to Canada. On this trip Hunter, under the name of E. F. Parker, purchased for Karpis at a garage in Youngstown, Ohio, a new 1935 Hudson bearing Ohio license number H 372 M. They returned to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where they took up their residence for a short while at Milam's Landing on Lake Hamilton. Later, on August 21, 1935, they rented a cottage from Mrs. Elsie Dyer at Dyer's Landing on the same lake. Meanwhile Dutch Akers had advised Grace Goldstein to move from 123 Palm Street to the Hatterie Hotel because of complaints by neighbors and presumably because he was afraid that Karpis might be located through these complaints.

These changes of addresses and license numbers and makes of cars made no difference, however, in the habits of the gangsters or the apparent obtuseness of the "super-sleuth." During their stay at Milam's Landing, and also at Dyer's Landing, Karpis and Hunter continued to frequent Grace Goldstein's house, parking their new Hudson daily in front of the Hatterie Hotel and riding around with the Goldstein woman and Connie Morris, swimming and dining at various public places unmolested by the Hot Springs police officers.

During September, 1935, Harry Campbell, kidnaper and member of the Karpis-Barker gang, purchased a Hudson coupé similar to Karpis' car from the same garage in Youngstown, Ohio, bearing Ohio license number H 54 M. He drove this car to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and moved in with Karpis and Hunter at Dyer's Landing. Sam Coker, a paroled convict and another member of the Karpis-Barker gang of kidnapers and murderers, also took up his residence there with Karpis, Hunter, and Campbell.

It would appear obvious that four gangsters, in two new Hudson coupés bearing out-of-state license plates, riding around, day in and day out, with the most notorious prostitutes in a small town like Hot Springs, would have been bound to attract the attention of Dutch Akers, Joe Wakelin, Cecil Brock, and certain other members of the police force over a period of several months. But such apparently was not the case. These Hot Springs police seemed no more suspicious of two automobiles than of one, of four gangsters than of two.

Campbell, Coker, and other members of the Karpis-Barker mob who visited Karpis and Hunter at their various residences in Hot Springs, had numerous parties in the Hatterie Hotel with Grace Goldstein and her girls, and at no time during their visits in and out of Hot Springs or during their parties were they ever molested by Herbert "Dutch" Akers or other members of the Hot Springs Police Department.

Witnesses at the trial of Dutch Akers stated that during the summer and fall of 1935 Akers was seen on numerous occasions together with Cecil Brock and other members of the Hot Springs Police Department at the Hatterie Hotel. One girl testified that on one occasion she, Alvin Karpis, and Grace Goldstein were sitting in the parlor of the Hatterie Hotel when Akers came up the stairs, passed right by the parlor door, and proceeded to Grace's room, and that Grace immediately followed him and stayed in her room for about ten minutes with him; that Dutch thereupon took his departure, again without bothering to look at Karpis.

It was Dutch Akers, reputed a super-sleuth, who made the ludicrous mistake that resulted in the undoing of these Hot Springs hellions. Dutch thought he could fool the F. B. I.—and keep it fooled! Here's a marvel of a story; Mr. Collins will tell it in Liberty next week.

Meanwhile people at Dyer's Landing were becoming increasingly suspicious of Karpis and his companions and increasingly noticing of their apparent intimacy with certain members of the Hot Springs police. And it was the good sense of these honest folk which, in the end, first brought to the attention of Hoover and his G-men the deplorable situation which has just been described.

The iceman who delivered ice to Dyer's Landing had been suspicious of Karpis and his companions from the first and thought they were gangsters. So, when he noticed a Hot Springs Police Department car in front of Mrs. Dyer's cottage on the lake, he asked Mrs. Dyer what the Hot Springs "law" was doing there. She told him that they were down to see "the boys," meaning Karpis and his gang. A few moments later he noticed Dutch Akers and another Hot Springs police officer get into the car and drive away.

On the following day this man notified his employer, who in turn notified the Federal Bureau of Investigation. However, before this information reached the ears of J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men, a most extraordinary and unexpected series of events occurred, which were destined to bring about not only the capture of Karpis but the downfall of Akers, Wakelin, and the Hot Springs crime trust!

THE END

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

MADELEINE TURNER works at a unique trade reminiscent of medieval times, when nearly all jewelry was wrought to convey an individual meaning. Describing herself as a *personal jeweler and silversmith,* she practices the bygone art of materializing fondest memories in precious stones and metals.

Shy sentimentalists come to her with cherished thoughts of the past, asking her to perpetuate them in solid form. One famous actress, known for her caustic wit, ordered a clip etched with a bird hiding among reeds. It was a keepsake of her earliest childhood recollection, retained through life as the most beautiful sight she ever had seen.

Two old ladies sought Miss Turner, each bringing a common seashore pebble. As little-girl playmates they had picked the pebbles up on a summer beach. Now they're both lonely widows, living many miles apart. Had their two pebbles set in identical rings to remind them of happier days.

For a wealthy manufacturer who started his career as a plain mechanic, Miss Turner made golden cuff links shaped like nuts and bolts. . . . For a client who adores the State of Maine, she fashioned a brooch representing a miniature map of the Maine coastline embellished with pine trees, sea gulls, and a full-rigged ship. The client wanted to know why she left out the fog. . . . Being Maine-born herself, perhaps Madeleine Turner left out the fog because of the tourist business.

☆ Met an English girl, now visiting here, whose brother serves at a dangerous army post in northern India, where a sizable war against the Waziristan fanatics has engaged 10,000 British troops for the past eight years without much publicity. The commander of the post is loved by all his men, white and native alike, but his wife—well, she was addicted to offside play until a silent conspiracy cured her by tragic means. The men in the ranks used insubordination to break the first lieutenant with whom she dallied. He had to be transferred, charged with incompetence. Her second was tougher. He went out with a scouting party of native troops; there was a skirmish; and he was the *only* one killed. . . . Her husband was never allowed to suspect what had happened; but she was. A house servant said to her, "Memsahib, it is whispered this garrison will always be unlucky for young officers unless they feel as we do toward your husband."

☆ It's a long way from Africa to my Connecticut cottage, yet we have the *talking drums* of the Dark Continent with us this year. Drum signals have been discovered by several families as a convenient method of communication between houses on the road above and bathers on the beach below. You can say "Lunch is ready," or "Bring back my bathing suit," or almost anything you want with a prearranged system of drumbeats. And they sound nice and ominous, like jungle fate.

MUD PACK
Gene Carr

"Mama—I've been named Glamour Girl for 1939!"

☆ Diana Ashley has written a serviceable New York restaurant guide and cookbook, with 200 recipes by famous chefs. It's called Where to Dine in '39. (Crown Publishers. Costs $1.)

☆ From a famous old Tammany hangout Diana obtained this superb recipe for *Aristocratic Irish Stew:* . . . Simmer 2 pounds leg of lamb with sliced carrots and onions in water to cover until tender (about 2 hours). After 1½ hours add 4 lamb chops. When cooked, season with salt, pepper, and allspice. Melt 1 cup butter in saucepan; add 4 tablespoons flour and stir until smooth. Add 3 cups liquid from stew and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Cook gently for 10 minutes. Add part of sauce to 3 slightly beaten egg yolks; return to pan; cook gently for 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Flavor with juice 1 lemon, pepper, and dash of nutmeg. Serve 1 slice lamb and 1 lamb chop a portion, pouring the sauce over the meat and garnishing with carrots and onions. The above quantities make enough stew for 4.

☆ Attention, you knitters knitting sweaters for autumn! Paris models for the coming season feature three-inch horizontal stripes of *one* color, shading from light stripes to dark. Darkest shade at the waist. . . . Slip your yarn through a large wooden bead for easy handling. . . . Newest knitting bag has a wide opening and a slick patent fastener that can't catch.

☆ Apologized to a telephone man for getting him in on account of a trifling adjustment I should have known how to fix without help. "We're used to it," he said patiently. "Some ladies even call us to untangle the cord." There are women, he told me, who don't dare wipe the mouthpiece for fear of an electric shock. During telephone quarrels, hotheads frequently smash their own phones or pull out the wires by the roots, shame on them! Quite a few hard-of-hearing folk ask for phones that whistle instead of ring. No whistling telephones are made as yet, but if you're nervously bell-shy you can have one that dongs a solemn note like cathedral chimes.

GREET AN UNEXPECTED HIT!

An unheralded, inexpensive little picture outranks even a new Shirley Temple and one with Joan Blondell

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME 8 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ FIVE CAME BACK

THE PLAYERS: Chester Morris, Wendy Barrie, Lucille Ball, Kent Taylor, John Carradine, Allen Jenkins, Joseph Calleia, C. Aubrey Smith, Patric Knowles, Elisabeth Risdon, Casey Johnson, Dick Hogan. Screen play by Jerry Cady and Dalton Trumbo from a story by Richard Carroll. Directed by John Farrow. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 75 minutes.

HIGHLY effective is this melodramatic story of the ill-fated flight of a giant passenger plane with twelve aboard. A storm, which takes one of the crew, sends the great machine down in the tangle of the Brazilian jungle. Then there is a struggle against time and the gathering head-hunters to get the battered machine in condition to take off again. All the weaknesses and the strengths of the eleven manifest themselves in the four weeks it takes to repair the plane, as nerves get on edge and death lurks in the shadows. And then only five can go, for any more of a human load will hold the crippled ship in the jungle slime. How are the five to be chosen?

All this is told tensely, vigorously, and colorfully. True, the romances develop a little too patly, and one or two characters are poorly drawn. But on the whole, director John Farrow has developed a tight exciting little picture.

Joseph Calleia pretty well steals the acting honors as a philosophic anarchist-killer who is being taken back on the plane to face execution before a firing squad in Central America. Here is a finely repressed performance.

You will like C. Aubrey Smith and Elisabeth Risdon as an elderly scientist and his wife, you will find Allen Jenkins doing a nice bit as a gunman flying South.

This is what the movie business calls a "sleeper." In other words, an unheralded, fairly inexpensive little picture with an unexpected punch.

Wendy Barrie, Casey Johnson, Chester Morris, Kent Taylor, and Lucille Ball, passengers of the ill-fated flight pictured in Five Came Back.

VITAL STATISTICS: The big jungle set covered 30,000 square feet of space, two whole stages, in the RKO-Radio studios. Five hundred and twenty-nine lamps of various sizes lit the set. Five hundred cacti were brought in from the Mojave to help the general tangle. . . . There's a club of amateur magicians in Hollywood called Los Magicos. Chester Morris is a member and so is Harold Lloyd. Directors of banks, judges, song writers, dentists, and surgeons are among the members. Recently Morris was elected West Coast regional vice-president of the Society of American Magicians at the organization's conference in New York. Morris has a workshop in his back yard where he evolves new tricks and masters old ones. . . . Kent Taylor, in case you're interested, was born on an Iowa farm, near Nashua, in 1907. After trying window trimming, being a shipping clerk, having a go at day laboring, short shots at firing a boiler and salesmanship, Kent went into the awning business with his father in Los Angeles. An actress friend—what a pal!—got Kent his first chance in movies. . . . Little four-year-old Casey Johnson won his job in Five Came Back when he recited Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep. Little Casey never had been in a movie studio before, but the job came handy. The child's parents had been having a tough time, what with bad breaks and such. . . . Lucille Ball once posed for commercial advertising and her outline graced billboards from coast to coast.

★ ★ ½ GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS

THE PLAYERS: Melvyn Douglas, Joan Blondell, Walter Connolly, Alan Curtis, Joan Perry, Isabel Jeans, Stanley Brown, Alexander D'Arcy, Henry Hunter, Clarence Kolb, Howard Hickman. Screen play by Gladys Lehman and Ken Englund from a story by Lenore Coffee and William Joyce Cowan. Directed by Alexander Hall. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 75 minutes.

THE title of this farce is pretty misleading. Jenny Swanson is a campus tearoom waitress in a Western college town. She is out to get enough money to see Paris by one means or another, preferably breach of promise or blackmail, when she arouses the interest of a young English exchange professor from Oxford. Professor Brooke tries to give the girl some scruples, to instill some ethics. But in no time Jenny is turning a multimillionaire's Long Island home upside down, the very home into which Brooke is marrying. In the end, of course Professor Brooke arouses the best in the predatory waitress. It is all fairly amusing, if thin, but Paris is just in the title.

This is out-and-out farce, with Melvyn Douglas lending a deft touch, an expert comedy sense, to the role of the professor of Greek mythology who falls back upon Aesop's Fables for his philosophy. Joan Blondell is considerably less successful as the devastating waitress. Walter Connolly makes the irascible old multimillionaire, once a lumberjack, a sharply defined figure of comedy.

VITAL STATISTICS: Original title was Good Girls Go to Paris TOO, but Will Hays cut the TOO. All in the interests of public morality, you know, and being thoughtful of Paris' feelings. . . . Melvyn Douglas was making Good Girls Go to Paris when he celebrated his thirty-eighth birthday on April 5. . . . Joan Blondell tossed a studio party; his wife, Helen Gahagan, gave him a watch; the director, Alex Hall, went whimsical and presented a bicycle; and Melvyn bought himself a new car. Then he had to work all night and never got a chance to enjoy himself. Douglas is politically active, is a member of California's State Relief Board, and is vice-president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund. A busy boy. Next you'll see him opposite Garbo in Ninotscka. . . . Alan Curtis once jockeyed taxis through Chicago streets. Born in a Chicago suburb, he went to Senn High School, was a bond salesman when the market crash came, turned nurse to a gasoline buggy. In no time at all he was posing for advertising illustrations in New York. . . . Director Alex Hall made his stage debut at seven as a gnome in Rip Van Winkle. In vaudeville at eight, finally to Colum-

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FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

bia University, and, at nineteen, into active service for Uncle Sam. Then to films as cutter, editor, and finally director.

★ ★ ½ SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, Randolph Scott, Margaret Lockwood, Martin Good Rider, J. Farrell MacDonald, Maurice Moscovich, Moroni Olsen, Victor Jory, Lester Matthews, Leyland Hodgson, Herbert Evans, Jack Luden, Charles Irwin, John Sutton, Chief Big Tree. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan from an adaptation by Fidel La Barba and Walter Ferris based on a story by Muriel Denison. Directed by William A. Seiter. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 78 minutes.

LITTLE Susannah is the sole survivor of an Indian massacre in the '80s, and in no time she becomes the mascot of a detachment of the Northwest Mounted. Then the Blackfeet Indians, annoyed by the tactics of horse-stealing redskins in their midst, go berserk. Who is it that makes peace between white and red? You have one guess. Little Susannah, of course.

Susannah, who is Shirley Temple, as you probably have surmised, is all sweetness and light. True, she is permitted moments of jealousy when a pretty girl steps into the life of her ideal, handsome Inspector Angus Montague. Shirley isn't as grown up as she has been in recent films. She's moved back a bit and again is her little sturdy quaint self.

Margaret Lockwood, so charming in the English-made film, The Lady Vanishes, is just a stock Western heroine. Hollywood has ironed out all her charm in its curious machine. The selection of Maurice Moscovich as Chief Big Eagle is the high point in 1939 miscasting. Big Eagle, it is the duty of your Beverly Hills to report, has a dialect that isn't of the Blackfeet tribe.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Shirley's twenty-first picture. That pony Shirley rides is her very own, yclept Roanie. Shirley collected ten dollars a day for his services, gave it to her own milk fund. . . . Shirley's Indian boy friend in the film is played by a real Blackfoot redskin, Martin Good Rider, age thirteen. Born in the Browning Reservation in Montana, where his family still live. Martin went to the Holy Family Mission School and to government school at Heart Butte. In 1938 the Marquette League took Martin and several other Indian lads to the New Orleans Eucharistic Congress. Brought back via New York, Martin's picture happened to appear in a New York daily close by one of Shirley. A Zanuck talent scout saw it—and got an idea. He went around to visit Good Rider, who, of all things, sang several Irish-dialect songs. Even so, he got the job. . . . The Mountie uniforms of '84 may puzzle you. Then the lads wore bright scarlet jackets trimmed with gold braid, skin-tight breeches, tiny red pillbox hats held by an elastic band running under the chin. Designed to scare Indians, they say. Probably somebody's conception of rugged efficiency. Today the Mounties aren't really mounted! Only about 270 (10 per cent of the force) use horses. The rest utilize motorcycles, automobiles, airplanes, and boats. Chief job today: finding lost woodsmen. . . . Margaret Lockwood was born in Karachi, India, studied at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. Recently she was stopped for speeding by a motorcycle cop. She floored him by producing her British driver's license. Didn't know she had to get a new one.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James.

★★★—Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding.

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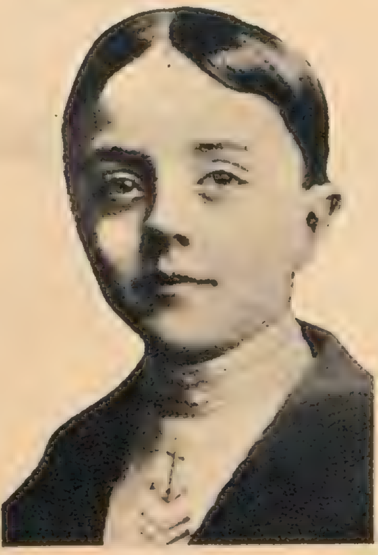
20 QUESTIONS



1—It is a far cry from his sailor-suit days, but the screen's most popular detective still bears a resemblance to this early photo. Who is he?

2—What race horse holds the record for earnings?

3—Who was the author of the Pledge to the American Flag?

4—What so-called universal language was used in a recent moving picture?

5—How many countries border on Albania?

6—In what industry did the originator and donor of the Nobel Peace Prizes make his money?

7—Who has kept a chicken heart alive for two decades?

8—How far apart are baseball bases?

9—What was the verdict in the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson?

10—Where is the only walled city in North America?

11—Who invented the submarine lung?

12—What is the purest form of starch?

13—What insect habitually practices slavery in its community life?

14—Who was "L'Aiglon's" father?

15—Can you tell a rattlesnake's age by the number of its rattles?

16—In what way does ground limestone affect the soil?

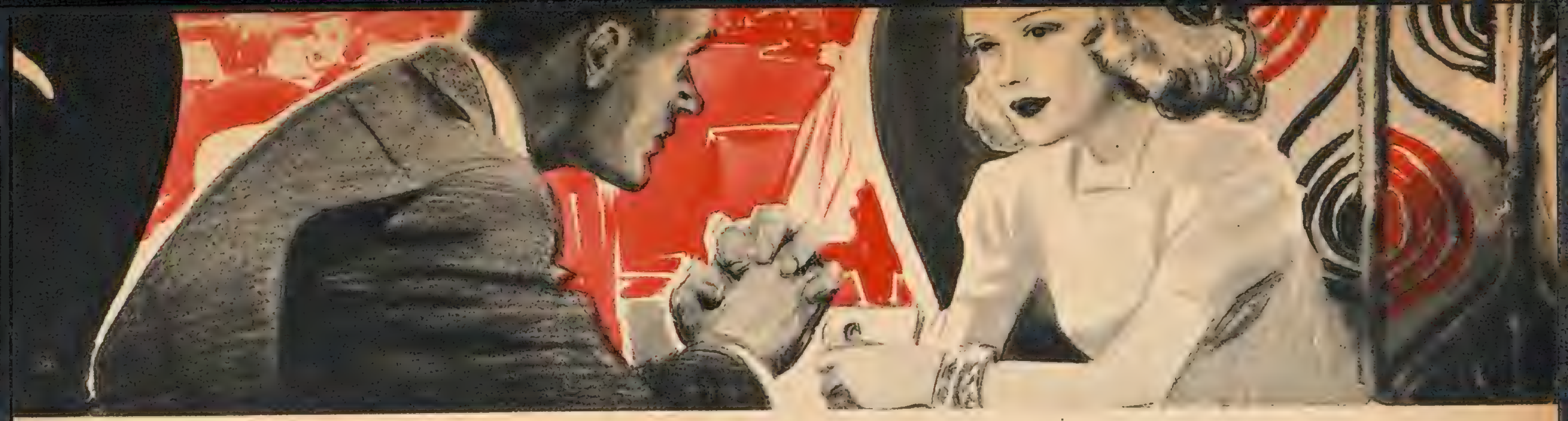
17—Who was the first woman to edit an American magazine?

18—Which show an increase after a long war, male or female births?

19—If a policeman knocks you prone, are you facing the sky or the ground?

20—What World War U. S. Secretary of the Navy is now ambassador to a sister republic?

(Answers will be found on page 46)



DON'T FORGET

Liberty's Short Short

BY TIMOTHY FULLER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

SITTING in the corner booth of the crowded restaurant they looked like any two young people you might see in a place like that. That is, they were a boy and a girl and they were drinking coffee and the girl was laughing while the boy talked. A nice young American couple, you'd say, and isn't it fine that they can talk and have fun when the world is so full of barbarism and war and things like that?

"It's a swell opportunity, Jennie," the boy was saying. "Of course the work will probably be pretty hard at first. They say they make you work almost every night until ten or eleven."

"I guess that won't hurt you," she said. "I guess Thomas E. Dewey must work until ten or eleven every night, too."

"I guess so," he said. "Small-town law is all right to come back to after you've made a reputation. It's all right then to spend the rest of your life probating wills and arguing minor claims in a county courthouse, but a man wants variety."

"I know, Bobby," she said. "It's like the ruts you used to talk about before you went East to college."

"Sure," said Bobby.

She stirred her spoon around in her coffee, and then looked up and laughed.

"Where will you be staying? I hear the Waldorf's nice."

"I'll probably get a room somewhere. I'll write you when I know."

"Yes," she said. "Drop me a post card with some tall buildings on it."

"How about the Aquarium or Grant's Tomb?"

"Send me all of them. Listen, Bobby," she said. "The first thing to do is find a Chinaman. He'll say 'Fliday' and wash things for you."

"You're a funny girl," said Bobby. "I'll remember."

"You'll remember when you run out of clean shirts—not before. You might try eating some green vegetables once a month or so, too."

They both laughed.

"You're always trying to look after me," he said. "You should have been my sister."

"I know," said Jennie.

She started to take a cigarette from the pack on the table and then put it down.

"Maybe you'll need some curtains for your room. How would you like some nice lacy curtains, boudoir style?"

"I'd probably lose them," he said. "Like the socks you gave me. Remember?"

"I remember. You lost them on a canoe trip the week after I finished them."

"I was always losing things when I was a kid."

She nodded. "But now you're grown up and you're going away to the big city to make your fortune."

"I'll miss you."

"For a while," she said. "Then you'll find a glamour girl. The way you always did in college and then in law school."

"But they never lasted," he said. "I always got tired of them."

"There'll be a wider selection in New York. You can go from one to another."

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.30 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A Short Short broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

"You know, it's a funny thing. I don't think I've ever kissed you."

"Once. In a game of truth and consequences when we were fifteen."

"That's right," he said. "But that didn't count."

"No," she said. "That didn't count."

He finished his coffee in one swallow.

"Well, I guess it's time to go to the station."

"I don't think I'll go to the station, Bobby. What I always say is, if you've seen one train you've seen them all."

"Well," he said, "all right."

He started to get up. "When I find out about vacations . . ."

"Yes," she said. "Let me know."

"I mean I'll probably get one after a year. As soon as I get one . . ."

"I'll still be around," said Jennie. "Now, remember to get your clothes washed and don't get lost in the subways. Have you got your train ticket?"

He felt in his pocket. "Yes, I've got it. Well."

He held out his hand and she shook it.

"Give my best to Mr. Dewey if you see him."

"I will," he said, and laughed.

He took his hat off the rack and put it on, still looking at her.

"Go on," she said. "And don't get run down crossing streets."

At the door of the restaurant he turned and waved, and she smiled and waved back. And then she was crying. She was crying without restraint, with her head on the table beside the coffeecup. People looked at her and then at each other and then pretended not to notice her.

She was still crying, with her head down on the table, when Bobby came back. He just stood looking at her for a minute, and then he put his hand on her shoulder and she looked up.

"Gosh," he said, "I'm an awful fool!"

She stood up, and he kissed her and held her hard with one arm, while he put the hat he'd taken back on the hatrack and found his own. He did it very quickly, so she wouldn't notice why he'd come back.

"Oh, Bobby," she said, "I'm glad!"

It really didn't matter to her why he'd come back. The important thing was that he had.

THE END

Hearts IN DANGER

What manner of men are these gathered on Angelfish Cay? . . . The net draws closer in this intense novel

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATION BY VINCENTINI

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN Stanford Loors, owner of the cruiser Angelfish, tells Bill Lowell that his skipper, Captain Archer, has fallen overboard while drunk, Bill suspects he is lying. So does Mary Moore, the girl pilot who is taking Bill in his yawl, the Black Hawk, across the Gulf Stream from West Palm Beach.

Bill and Mary are several hours out when they see Loors' distress signal—a rocket sent up because, without the captain, he is having trouble managing the boat. Bill boards the Angelfish and consents to take it to Loors' isolated island, Angelfish Cay, in spite of the warnings he receives from two women on the cruiser—Mimi, a beautiful blonde, and Helen Fremont, a brunette—that it is dangerous for him to remain on the Angelfish. Helen adds to the mystery by mentioning a secret passenger who is hidden aboard.

When Bill leaves the wheel in Loors' charge and goes back to the yawl, Mary too warns him to have nothing to do with Loors. She tells him the man is a gambler who has built a large house on Angelfish Cay, where he entertains his friends with fishing and cards. She doesn't trust him.

Neither does Bill. But the mystery of Captain Archer's death, together with the fact that the Angelfish is carrying a secret passenger, make him determined to learn more about Loors. So, when the gambler asks him to stay as his guest for a few days, he promptly accepts, even though Helen tells him that if he remains on the island for even one day he will never leave it alive.

The island is guarded by two strong-arm men who run Mary and Bill ashore from the Black Hawk in a launch. When the visitors enter the comfortably furnished house, they find five men seated around a table in the living room, playing poker for high stakes. Bill recognizes the men with a thrill of triumph mixed with grim foreboding, and he realizes that his life may depend on how well he can play a part. He knows that he must not let Loors or the men suspect that he is aware of the identity of the five cardplayers.

PART FOUR—VULTURES

MARY MOORE and I walked toward a davenport near the fireplace. The five men at the poker table, raising one another a thousand and two thousand a crack, were apparently too intent over their game to see us. It was evident from the discards in the center of the table that all five men had stayed for the draw, and were still staying.

That alone looked phony. How often, in a five-man game for high stakes, does everybody stay and raise and raise and raise? So long as they were being so smart, why weren't a couple of them smart enough to drop out? Well, Loors, the big shot, the master mind, had had only fifteen minutes to coach his cast.

Oh, I was on the spot, all right. That phony poker game alone proved it.

There was a balcony running along the far side of this huge room. Several doors opened off it. Two of them were open, the rooms beyond them in darkness. Loors might be there. Or he might be behind a set of wide portieres which evidently closed off a large alcove.

He might, I realized after that quick survey, be in any one of half a dozen spots, watching and waiting for my reaction when and if I recognized any of the men around the poker table.

Have I said my pan was dead? Well, I certainly hoped it was, because I had already identified every one of them.

Mary Moore, looking as lovely as a June bride and a lot more worldly, said abruptly: "Gee! Muh beads!"

She had been worrying a string of blue beads, some of them as big as marbles, and the string had parted. We were, at the moment, standing on the bare oak floor between two of the big rugs.

The beads rattled like buckshot on a tin roof. And the tension that was in the room burst as abruptly as a pricked balloon. The poker players swung around in their chairs and, as the beads rolled in all directions, Mary Moore, without the slightest flush of embarrassment, without a sign of self-consciousness, said cheerfully:

"Sorry, folks. Hope I didn't startle you. I think I was robbed when I paid fifteen cents for that job."

Two or three men at the table were grinning. One started to rise.

"No, no. Don't get up," Mary went on quickly. "Babs—I got to calling her Babs when we were in boarding school together—Babs has got plenty more behind the red fronts. We'll let these lay. Only, don't get to wandering around in your bare feet."

She turned to me then and grinned; it was exactly as though she said: "How'm I doin'? If these guys want an act, I can give it to them."

I knew beyond all doubt that she had deliberately broken the string of her necklace and spilled those beads on the floor to relieve a situation which—and she could only have sensed it, could not have known it—was fraught with danger for the two of us.

NOW, looking at these five men—at Joe Berger, Shorty Dolan, M. Manford Yates, Leroy Ballinger, and Frank V. Lorrimer—I felt relaxed and relieved. I knew that not by the flicker of an eyelash would I betray to the watching Loors that I recognized a single one of these notorious men.

I said, "Good evening, gentlemen. Mr. Loors, I believe, is expecting us."

M. Manford Yates, the late great utilities tycoon, said cheerfully, "Sit down and make yourselves at home. Loors will be right with you. . . . I'll see those two Gs and up you a couple more."

"I'll call."

"So'll I."

"What you got, Joe?"

The game went on as Mary Moore and I sat down on the davenport.

"Cigarette, babe?"

"Thanks, honey. Quite a jernt, what?"

I lit her cigarette and one for myself. My hand, I saw happily, was as steady as a rock.

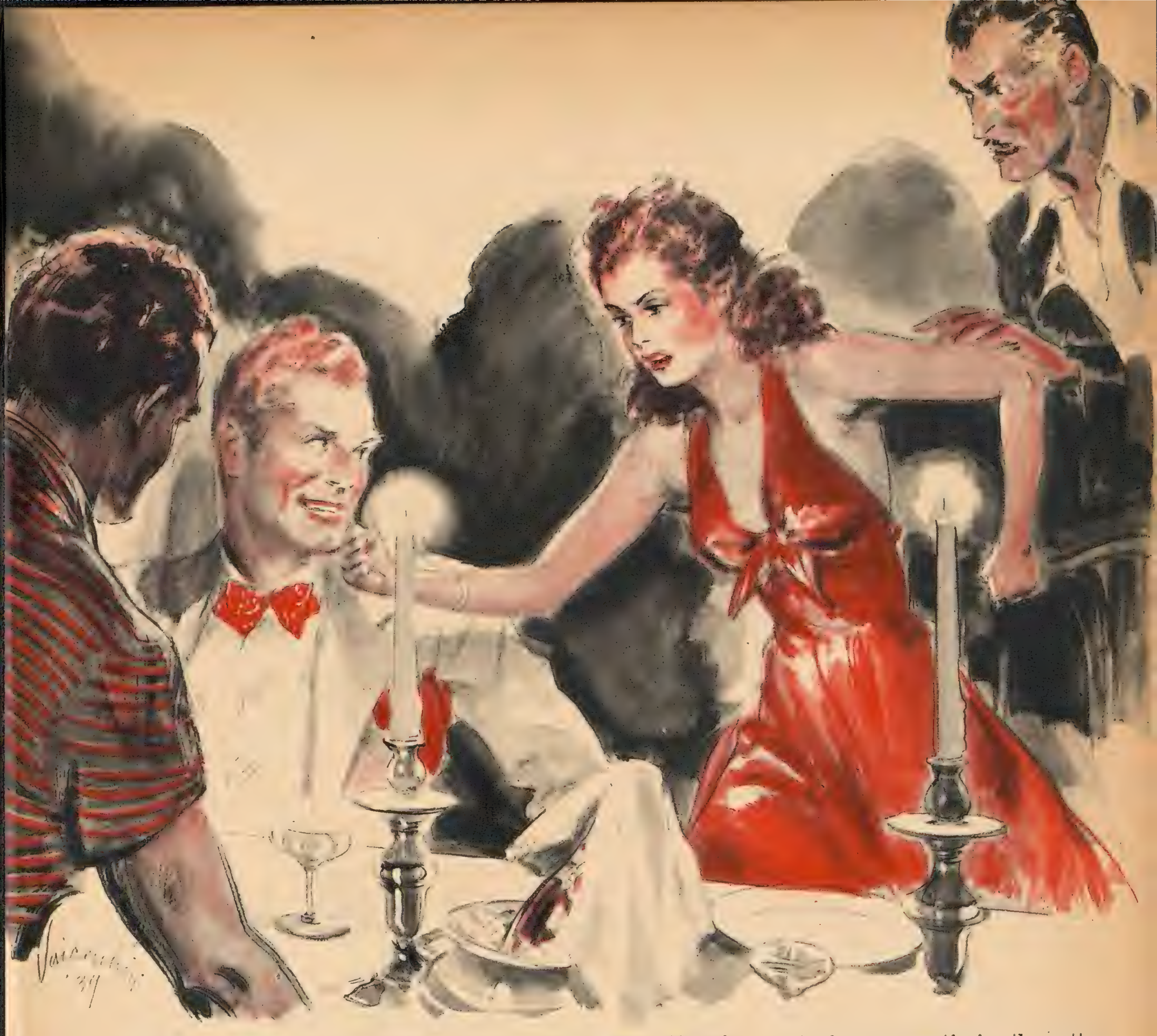
"It's very nice," I said. "Homey, I believe, is the word."

"That's a handsome marlin over there on the wall."

"Very." And in an undertone: "You deliberately broke that necklace."

"Sure I did. And you're stuck for a new one."

"Which I'll gladly buy, and not in a five-and-dime, either. Why'd you do it?"



Once again I saw Mary Moore's fist drive into a man's face. But this man took it, as he had invited it, with a smile.

"Why does any woman bust her beads? To get a little attention. And what do I draw? 'Make yourselves at home,'" she mimicked Yates. "'I'll see those two Gs and up you a couple more.' Nuts! I'll wear pearls next time and make 'em scramble for 'em."

That was the way she put it, and yet I knew her real reason for breaking the string was so subconsciously intuitive that she could not put it into words. I am not one to sneer at psychic intuition—well, not too much, anyway.

We sat there and smoked our cigarettes. I knew we had passed the first test with flying colors, and when Loors appeared from one of the darkened rooms off the balcony I was not surprised.

"Come on up," he called.

When we had climbed the stairs and reached the balcony, I noted that Loors had turned on the light in the room from which he'd appeared. He was holding the door for us, nodded us in. It was a small room with several comfortable chairs, a large desk, a bookcase which covered one whole wall—and a ship-to-shore telephone on a table beside the desk.

"Sit down. I have one more call to make and then I'll be with you. I've ordered a bit of food and a cool bottle."

He sat down before the telephone and slipped a headset over his ears.

"Ever use one of these?" he asked, watching me with those sharp black gambler's eyes that missed nothing.

"No, I never have. Some kind of a radio?"

"In a way. . . . Hello, Miami. Angelfish Cay calling Lockridge 58725, New York. . . . Yes, I'll wait. . . . Why, Lowell, it's a ship-to-shore telephone." He grinned slyly. "Had it licensed for my cruiser," he said. "But it's more useful to me on the island, so I moved it here—without, of course, mentioning the matter to the government. I call the Miami operator and he can connect me with any telephone in the United States. Slide over here. I'll show you how it works."

I already knew how it worked. I had played with a set like this many times on Long Island Sound.

Loors started at the beginning and carried me along step by step. And he gave it to me straight. He taught me in five minutes (and you can learn as fast as that) how to use the set.

Why? Because he hoped to catch me trying to use it. And did my fingers itch to get at those dials! What wouldn't I have given to get a call through to a certain city desk in New York, to say: "This is Bill Lowell, Harvey. I'm speaking by radio from a small cay in the Bahamas. And I've got the hottest story you ever—"

"Hello, hello. Michelson? . . . This is Loors. . . . Oh, fine. Just wanted to tell you the caviar was waiting for me when I got to Palm Beach. Thanks a lot, old man. How's the missus? . . . Fine. . . . A boy, huh? Well, well. Congratulations. Call him Stanford and I'll buy a carload of caviar. Look. Give me a ring day after tomorrow. . . . Yes, Angelfish Cay. You know the call letters. . . . O. K. So long, old man."

Loors switched off the set, hung up the headphone, and rose.

"Aren't you going to lock it?" I asked.

"No, I never bother," he answered with a shrug, and I saw, or imagined I saw, a sly gleam come into his shoe-button eyes.

I laughed. "I've heard they're an awful temptation to servants—and drunks."

"My servants are all Bahamians and haven't any place to call, even if they knew how to use it. And as for my guests,"—he laughed too—"they're welcome to use it any time, drunk or sober."

He was certainly dealing me in.

Mary asked eagerly: "Could I maybe call up my boy friend in Palm Beach tomorrow?"

Loors looked at me. His eyes twinkled, and there was a certain lascivious look about his thin lips that made me want to slap him down.

"How about it, Lowell?" he grinned.

"It's all right with me if she calls six boy friends," I said shortly.

LOORS led the way downstairs. The poker game was waxing hot. With a jerk of his head toward the players, Loors said, "I want you to meet my friends, but they seem to be pretty busy now. We'll eat first."

He threw back the portieres at the end of the room and motioned us into a large dining alcove. On a long table three places were set. There was a platter of cold cuts, a whole roast chicken, crackers, a crawfish salad, a bottle of champagne in a bucket of ice—but no caviar.

"Aren't the ladies joining us?" I asked.

"No; Mimi isn't feeling well and Miss Fremont said she wasn't hungry. Miss Moore, what can I help you to?"

"I'm hungry enough to eat a horse, but a slab of ham will do. And a little shot of that wine."

I was suddenly so tired I thought that if I sat down I'd never get up again. Loors knew how I felt, all right; knew I was too far gone for either food or liquor to revive me. Deliberately refusing me rest in such a way I couldn't protest, he was counting that I'd slip.

The man himself, I knew, was fresh, cagey, sharp as a tack. Like all good gamblers, he had a reservoir of energy on which he could draw in the small hours when other men's spirits were flagging and their brains were befogged with fatigue.

Mary too was brightening up, for she had the recuperative powers of youth, and the stamina, even though she was small and feminine, of a college football player. I wasn't afraid of her, either. She might not know the score, but she certainly knew how to play the scatterbrained juvenile, and I think even the shrewd Loors was deceived into putting her down as a loud-mouthed kid.

My host did not annoy me with questions about myself. He was too clever to put me on my mettle and keep me there. Instead, he soothed me with good food and excellent wine and a fund of what at any other time would have been most interesting fishing tales.

I almost fell asleep. And that was certainly no condition in which to be presented to the famous gentlemen of the poker table. I was thinking about asking for coffee, plenty of it and plenty black, when a young man walked into the dining room and without a word sat down beside Mary Moore, who was across the table from me.

Loors frowned, said ungraciously: "Hello, Frank. Thought you'd gone to bed."

"I had."

He was a handsome devil, with fine sensual lips and wavy taffy-colored hair, a firm cleft chin, a physique like one of the slimmer Greek gods. If ever I saw desire in a man's eyes—to use a polite term—it was in the mocking smoky-blue eyes of this man who cupped his chin and stared at Mary Moore.

"Precious," he said, "I've been out of circulation for four months, which is much too long a time for a lad of my temperament. How would you like to take a walk in the moonlight?"

For once in a lifetime of snappy comebacks, Mary Moore was stopped. She stared back at him, the bright color draining from her cheeks. She probably had never heard a more brutally obvious proposition in her life.

"Pass it, Frank," the cadaverous man at the head of the table ordered tersely. "These are my guests. Miss Moore, Mr. Lowell—Frank Simmons."

SIMMONS gave me a condescending nod, and as his insolent eyes met mine for an instant, I had him pegged, even though I, like most of the world, had seen only one picture of him, taken at Harvard ten years ago when he made Phi Beta Kappa. He was Phil Gerrish, the Boy Wizard of Cambridge. Vice-president of a big trust company at twenty-four. President of one of the biggest banks in Boston at twenty-seven. Head of an enormous and largely ephemeral holding company at thirty. At thirty-one indicted by a federal grand jury for using the mails to defraud investors of some $14,000,000.

Phil Gerrish, and enough of the $14,000,000 to last the average man ten lifetimes, had dropped from sight two days before the indictment was returned. And that was four months ago.

My nerves were tingling now and I was wide awake. The men in the poker game in the other room were big fish, but this was the king killer shark of them all.

He was saying, "You're adorable, Miss Moore. How would you like to make a thousand dollars?"

"And how would you like a bust in the jaw?" Mary Moore shot back.

"I'd love it," he said, smiling.

And once again I saw Mary Moore's small hard fist drive into a man's face. But this man took it, as he had invited it, with a smile.

I didn't make any move to interfere. Mary, in a situation such as this anyway, could take care of herself. But I hated to think what would happen to her if a man like Phil Gerrish ever cornered her.

Loors was on his feet, crying, "Stop it! Stop it!" His voice was almost hysterical, and I didn't realize until this moment that the man had been under as great a strain as I, was just as tired, just as nerve-harried. "Miss Moore, I thought you were a lady."

"YOU lie," Miss Moore came back. "You thought I was a tramp, and you still think so."

"But because a man in jest says—" Loors began.

"He asked for it," I interrupted.

Gerrish-Simmons' eyes flicked mine, and they were vicious, unsmiling. "Were you asked to sit into this game, Mr.—er—"

"He asked for it and he got it," I said to Loors. "Can't we let it rest at that? Personally, I'd like to get some sleep. And I know Mary would, too."

Loors pulled himself together. As though the incident had never happened, as though the Boy Wizard of Cambridge were not with us, he said graciously:

"I think I hear the poker game breaking up. Will you come with me? I'd like you to meet my friends."

"If they're like this one, you can have 'em," Mary said as she pushed back her chair.

We pretended not to hear her and walked out into the main lounge. The poker players had risen, were waiting for us. Loors said:

"I want you boys to meet the gentleman and the lady—"

"So I'm a lady now," Mary muttered under her breath.

"Who saved our lives in the Gulf Stream last night. Mr. Lowell and Miss Moore."

He walked over to his friends, turned and stood facing Mary and me, and introduced them. They bowed, looked rather silly, said, "How do you do?" or "Pleased to meet you."

"Ted Lee." Ted Lee was Joe Berger, numbers racketeer from New York who had jumped $50,000 bail while his case was pending appeal.

"Jack Howe." Jack Howe was Shorty Dolan, big-time gambler and cop-killer, late of Atlanta and Leavenworth, who had miraculously escaped from a prison car while being transferred to the Rock.

"Tommy Gleason." Tommy Gleason was M. Manford Yates, the utilities tycoon, who had taken a powder on the day he was summoned to appear before a Congressional investigating committee.

"Fred Deering." Fred Deering was Leroy Ballinger, Baltimore judge, badly wanted by the Department of Justice to explain how he had banked nearly a quarter of a million dollars in four years on a judge's salary.

"Jerome White." Jerome White was Frank V. Lorrimer, New York attorney, who had jumped a $20,000 bond while awaiting trial on sixteen counts of bribery and subornation of perjury.

That was the line-up. With Gerrish-Simmons, who had followed us into the lounge, they made as fine a half dozen crooks as you could find in a week's search through the Department of Justice rogues' gallery.

I didn't offer to shake hands with them, because I wasn't up to it; I wasn't up to prolonging Loors' shabby show any further than necessary.

I thought and hoped I was playing my part well—just a tired young man not too interested in meeting a group of wealthy elderly men with whom I could have little in common. I was, I believe, actually half asleep as I went through the formalities. Until Frank Larrimore-White, the cleverest mouthpiece who ever hit the Main Stem, said casually:

"Miss Fremont tells me you are with Harcourt and Melvin."

THAT woke me rudely but not, I hoped, with a start. I shook my head, grinned in what I fondly believed was a sheepish manner. *Think fast, Bill Lowell.*

"I was just bragging, Mr.—Howe, was it?"

Stalling now, praying for an inspiration. That ship-to-shore telephone! Whatever I said could be checked in a matter of hours.

"No; White," the ex-attorney—he had been disbarred two weeks ago—corrected me.

"I've dabbled in advertising a little and I hope some day to get a job with Harcourt and Melvin. Biggest firm in the game, you know."

"Yes indeed. Fine outfit, too," spoke up Yates-Gleason, who, I recalled, had used that very firm to promote his utilities stock.

"Melvin is a good friend of mine," the attorney pursued casually. "Might put in a word for you with him. What was the last firm you worked with?"

That stopped me cold. I knew the names of several other firms, but I didn't dare mention one—it would be checked the first thing in the morning. Nor did I dare make up a name—that would have been fully as fatal. Blast the smart lug that invented the ship-to-shore telephone!

"Well," I began lamely, without the faintest idea where I was going, "I worked awhile for—"

"Judas! Will you quit pinching me?"

I swung around. Phil Gerrish-Simmons was smiling that same you-haven't-a-chance-of-getting-away-from-me smile that had adorned his

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face since he first sat down beside Mary at the dining table. His half-laughing voice was low, and yet it carried to everybody in the room as he said to white-faced, seething Mary Moore, "*Two* thousand."

"Bill, will you get this mug out of my hair?" Mary pleaded.

Gerrish-Simmons looked at me, sneering. "I'm afraid, Toots, that Bill isn't quite big enough."

In my present condition I wasn't, and I didn't want a brawl anyway. Above everything else I had to keep my head clear, and if that bird, who looked to be in the pink, ever slapped me down I knew I'd be groggy for a week.

Mary, taking her cue when I said nothing, jammed her elbow into the Boy Wizard's belly. "One side, scum." She walked over and confronted Loors, her clenched fists on her hips, her blue eyes shooting fire. "I want to go out to the Black Hawk and get some sleep."

LOORS shook his head like a father reasoning with an obstreperous brat. "I'm sorry, Miss Moore, but my boatmen have gone to bed."

"I can run any boat that ever slid off the ways."

"But you're staying with us tonight."

"Where?"

"I have a room for you."

"Then will you please show me to it?"

"Gladly." Loors bowed.

I knew he was happy enough to get rid of her, because this was the second time she had saved the day for me when I felt myself slipping.

Mary looked around at the Boy Wizard. "Mr. Loors, is there a lock on the door of the room you're giving me?" she pointedly demanded to know.

"No; there isn't a lock on any door in this house. You're in the Bahamas now, Miss Moore. There are no burglars, no sneak thieves, no gangsters, no—"

"And what do you call this piece of sewer grease? Little Lord Fauntleroy?"

Loors was getting sore.

"I can assure you, Miss Moore, that you—"

"Just lamp him, will you?" Mary jeeringly interrupted. "Do you get that I'll-have-you-my-pretty-one look in his eyes?"

Every one laughed except Loors, the Boy Wizard, and me. I didn't laugh because I knew it was sheer madness to hold a man like Phil Gerrish up to ridicule.

When the laughter died, Mary grinned at Loors and shrugged. "Skip it, Mr. Loors. I'll go to bed when Bill goes. And we sleep in the same room. Got it?"

Loors smiled with his thin bloodless lips, said softly, "I had it all the time, Miss Moore."

Mary's lips parted, then closed, choking off a hot retort. And Shorty Dolan-Howe, cop-killer and general bad man, said sympathetically:

"The young fellow's dead on his feet, Stan. So's the kid. Send 'em to bed. We can talk tomorrow. And maybe do a little—uh—fishin'."

Berger-Lee snickered.

Loors said, "Of course, of course. I'm practically dead myself. We had a hard trip, eh, Lowell?"

He walked to the poker table and pressed a button under the rim. In a matter of seconds the butler in the white coat and light-blue trousers appeared.

"Show my guests to the blue room on the east side."

I said, "Good night, gentlemen," with as much grace as I could summon, took Mary's arm, and, feeling as sappy as a bridegroom who has found a "Just Married" sign on the back of his car, followed the butler upstairs.

He took us to a large pleasant room, bowed himself out, and closed the door. I sat down on one of the twin beds. Mary sat down on the other. We looked at each other and then at the floor.

"He didn't pinch you, did he, babe?" I asked after a while.

"Gee, no! I pulled that because I had a hunch you were getting into trouble."

"I was. I was in so deep you couldn't have blasted me out with a ton of dynamite."

"Maybe by morning you'll know all the answers."

"I'd better—or else."

There was a little silence. And then all at once she was on the edge of the bed beside me, her hard little arm around my neck, her small face close to mine.

"Look, honey. You're sore at me, aren't you?"

I PUT my arm around her and looked down into her humid, worried eyes. My heart seemed to hesitate and swell, and then, with the blood rushing into my head, I felt it begin to pound. For a moment or two I couldn't speak. My arm tightened around her waist.

"Of course I'm not sore at you, darling. Why should I be?"

"Because I steered you into—into staying with me. Look, honey. You don't think I'm a bum, do you?"

"I told you once before I thought you were a grand girl."

"And you don't care what those guys downstairs think?"

"I don't give a hoot what they think."

She didn't speak for a moment. She dropped her eyes, said finally, in a low voice as though ashamed of the admission, "I'm afraid of him, Bill. I don't think that lug would stop at anything."

"He never has, Mary. You see, I happen to know a good deal about this fellow they call Frank Simmons, which isn't his name at all. He is a very brilliant young man who started from scratch and worked his way to the very top. Chiefly by cutting throats and knifing his friends. He's as hard as nails; there isn't a scruple in his make-up. He takes what he wants, and nobody yet has ever found a way to stop him."

She looked up at me again. Her eyes were wide and a little frightened. Her lips parted but she didn't say anything.

"You needn't worry, babe. I'm not a cripple and you're no slouch yourself. Between the two of us, we'll put the Boy Wizard in his place."

"You'll be careful, won't you, honey?"

"Naturally I'll be careful."

I knew what was in her mind, because I was thinking the same thing. I was thinking of the spot she'd be in if anything happened to me, with only Loors and his flock of vultures to protect her.

"Now," I said, "I want you to go to bed and get some sleep. We probably have a tough day ahead of us."

"I'm not really sleepy."

"You'll sleep. I'm going to take a bath, and when I come out of the bathroom I want you to be in bed—preferably with your eyes shut."

"If that was a crack, Bill, it wasn't very nice."

"I didn't mean to be smart, Mary."

"Because I really am afraid of that man. Nothing else in the world would have made me pull this on you. You're sure of that, aren't you?"

She was so intensely earnest that I almost smiled.

"I'm sure of it, Mary."

"I'm glad. Now kiss me good night and take your bath. I'll take one in the morning."

HER body was rigid, holding away from me. But her lips were sweet—so sweet I forgot everything else. I put my arms around her and drew her close. She held back for a moment and then came to me. Her lips parted and all at once there was fire in her slim young form.

I raised my head, looked into her half-closed eyes. I heard myself saying softly, with a sort of reverence that fell strangely from my tongue:

"Mary Moore, I love you."

Her eyes opened then and she smiled wanly up into mine. In amazement I saw her shake her head, heard her say:

"No. *I* love *you.* And I *know,* you see, because I've never been in love before. But you don't love me. You ain't—I mean, you're not in my class. Or maybe I better say I ain't in your class."

"Don't, Mary!"

"Why not face it now?" she asked softly. "One broken heart is enough. Why break yours too?"

"I haven't broken your heart, darling."

"No, but you're going to, and there's not a thing—there ain't a thing I can do about it."

"There's plenty *I* can do about it," I vowed.

"Such as?"

"I'm going to marry you."

"And curse yourself for the rest of your life—and probably me too—because you married beneath you."

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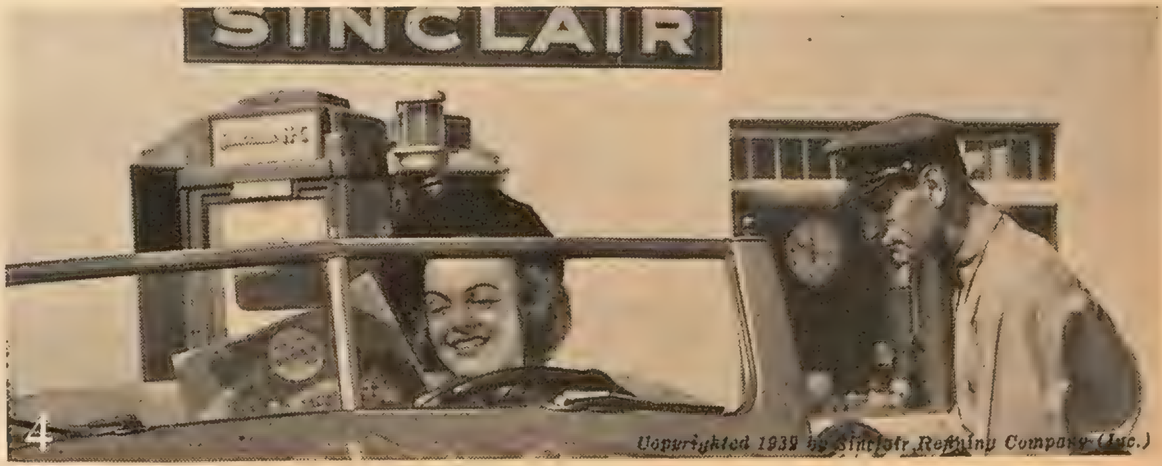
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As everyone knows, grapefruit's a wonderful "alkalizer"—and that's especially important in summer when active exercise tends to get us over on the "acid side." And, of course, grapefruit juice just can't be beat as an appetizing starter for any meal. Just be sure to ask your grocer for the *Florida* kind.

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"Mary! Please! I tell you, I love you."

"The word, my sweet, is propinquity," she smiled. "Now where did I dig that one up from?"

With a lithe twist, she was out of my arms and around on the far side of the bed. She left me feeling like a sap and probably looking like one.

"Are you going to bathe?" she asked, laughing gaily. "Or are you going to keep me awake all night vowing your undying love?"

"You go to hell," I said, and went into the bathroom.

Under the cool shower I thought:

What's the matter with you, Bill Lowell? You can't really love this girl, this little rapscallion you picked up off a dock. And surely you're decent enough not to try to take advantage of her by prating of love. Why'd you tell her you loved her?

I told her I loved her because I thought I did. I still think so.

Sure, and how would she fit into your life in New York? How proud would you be of her standing beside you when they give you the Pulitzer prize for breaking the biggest news story of the year? What kind of a mate would she be along the glory road you so smugly think you're going to travel?

She'd make a fine mate. She might not have got too much out of her sketchy education, but she has a keen head. She'll learn fast.

She uses "ain't."

So do a lot of fine people.

She says "I seen."

What of it?

You're a fool, Bill Lowell. Forget the kid and, if you have to be amorous, pick on somebody in your own class. Pick on, say, Helen Fremont.

Oh, nuts!

No, don't say nuts. Get it hammered into your nitwit brain that you're going to forget any idea of marrying Mary Moore. You're going to go in there and go to bed, and thank God that the kid was levelheaded enough, worldly enough, intuitive enough to know you were making talk because you thought it was the thing to do. Yes, and had the courage to tell you so when in her heart she wanted to say "Yes."

There you go. Levelheaded. Worldly. Intuitive. Courageous. What better qualities would you want in a wife?

All right, then. Be a sap all your life. Why don't you say she's beautiful? She is. Why don't you say she's spunky? She is. Why don't you say she's good company, healthy, has a divine figure, loves boats—

Shut up!

She probably forgets sometimes and eats with her knife. She'll disgrace you the first time you step out in New York. And will your ears burn when the gang starts hauling her over the coals?

Will you please shut up? What do you think I am, a lousy snob?

I know you are. Isn't everybody?

I FOUND the bedroom in darkness except for a single shielded lamp above my bed. Mary lay on her back, one arm thrown above her head. I could tell by her breathing that she was fast asleep.

I hooked a chair under the doorknob, feeling rather old-maidish as I did it, turned out the light, and walked over to one of the windows.

The sky was partially overcast, the moon hidden by clouds, but it was still light enough to see the little landlocked harbor, glassy smooth now, and the Black Hawk riding motionless at her mooring. I couldn't see Loors' two gorillas at the boathouse, but I knew they were there, knew I hadn't a chance of getting away from Angelfish Lodge until Loors was ready to let me go.

My conscience was certainly right. I am a sap. For a little glory, a little fame, a chance to bask smugly in the limelight for a brief hour, I have risked my life—and hers.

And then I saw it, breaking through the clouds to the eastward. Brilliant. Beckoning. My bright star of danger.

What had Mary said? "You sap, that's only Jupiter."

I turned with a weary sigh and climbed into bed. Now, I thought, I should cook up some sort of a story for Loors. Frank V. Lorrimer-White will start to work on me at breakfast. What am I going to tell him? What kind of a line can I give him that can't be checked by that ship-to-shore telephone?

With that question running through my mind unanswered, I promptly went to sleep.

Will Bill be able to protect Mary from Phil Gerrish? Can they manage to escape from Angelfish Cay? Will Helen and Mimi help or hinder them? More perils appear, romantic and otherwise, in the coming chapter. Read it next week!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 38

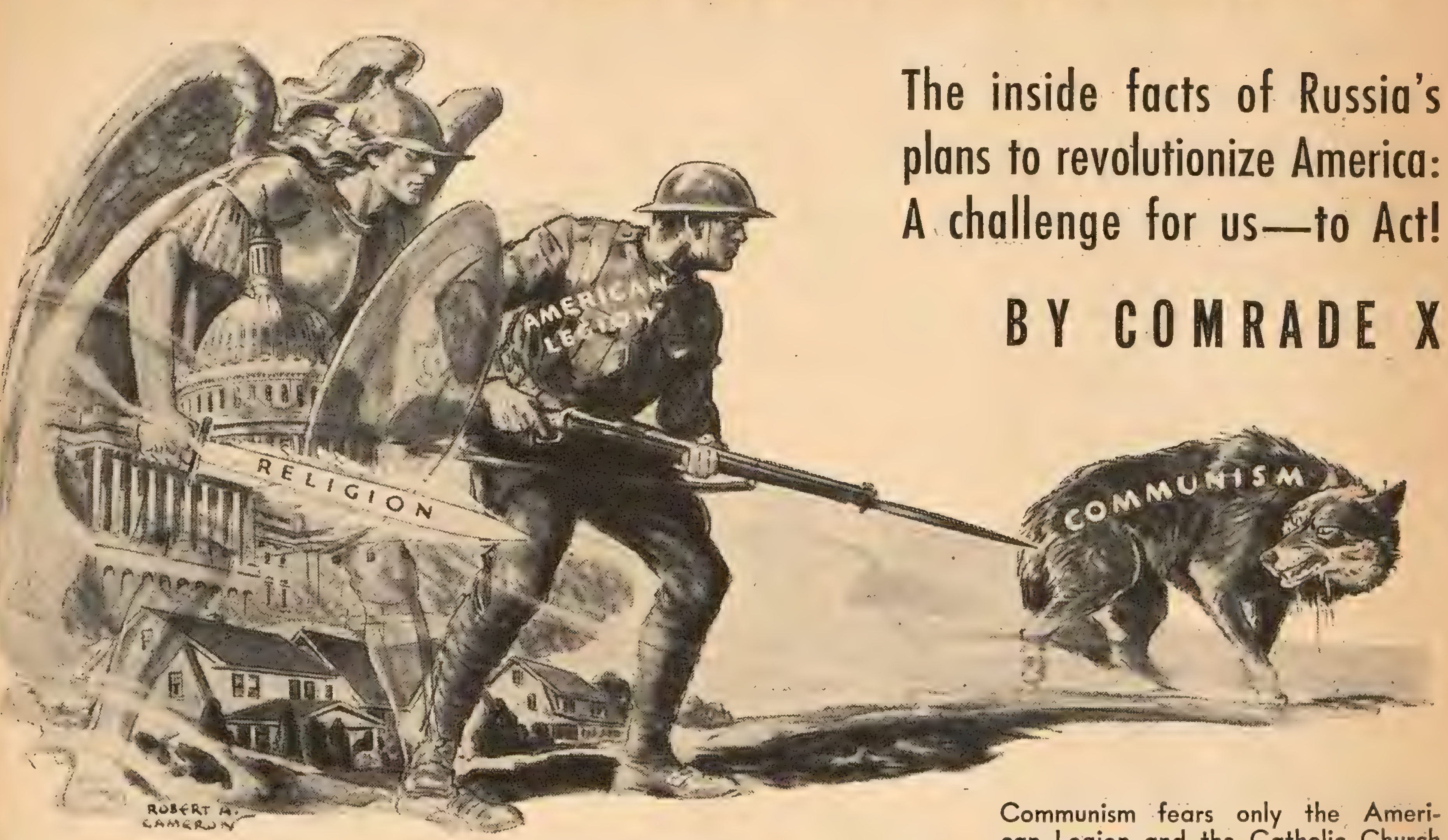
1—William Powell.
2—Sun Beau.
3—Francis Bellamy.
4—Esperanto, used in Idiot's Delight.
5—Two—Yugoslavia and Greece.
6—The manufacture of explosives.
7—Dr. Alexis Carrel.
8—Ninety feet.
9—Acquittal.
10—Quebec.
11—Lieutenant Commander C. B. Momsen, U. S. N.
12—Arrowroot.
13—The ant.
14—Napoleon.
15—No.
16—It makes soil alkaline.
17—Sarah Hale, editor of Godey's Lady's Book.
18—Male births.
19—The ground.
20—

Josephus Daniels

I was a COMMUNIST in the U.S.A.

The inside facts of Russia's plans to revolutionize America: A challenge for us—to Act!

BY COMRADE X



Communism fears only the American Legion and the Catholic Church

HOW STALIN USES THE NEW DEAL

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

DID you ever hear the story of how we Communists "framed" Alf Landon in the campaign of 1936? The story is interesting because it shows the methods we employ and how ruthlessly we employ them.

It is especially illuminating right now because it shows what will happen to Mr. Dewey or Mr. Vandenberg or Mr. Garner or Mr. Hull or any other conservative who dares to run in the campaign of 1940.

The necessity for sabotaging Landon began to dawn on the big boys in the Politburo in Moscow in the spring of 1935. The governor, known to be a Presidential possibility, was making too good a record as a budget balancer, and Communism doesn't thrive on balanced budgets.

Well, we were tickled to death when we got the word from Moscow to go after Alf. Our comrades in his own state had never cared for him. He was an independent oil producer who had successfully produced oil at a profit despite the competition of oil trusts and corporations. He was an employer, a reputable solvent citizen. According to the party creed, there could be no good in him. And if he was going to carry his outmoded, anachronistic, budget-balancing ideas from Topeka to Washington, there would be the devil to pay.

But, for all his capitalistic background, Landon stood fairly well with organized labor. He had been on the up-and-up with both sides in the minor crises that had arisen during his administration. Most important of all, he had managed to avoid that situation which has proved a stop signal to many an ambitious governor's progress to the White House: calling out the state militia to put down disorders during a strike.

How could we get Landon to take this fatal step when there was no strike? Easy. We'd start one! And we did—among the lead and zinc miners of southeastern Kansas.

Then, under cover of the strike, our Kansas comrades, many of whom had wormed their way into key positions in the unsuspecting A. F. of L. locals, began committing so many acts of violence and sabotage that the county attorney and the acting sheriff telegraphed the governor demanding the presence of the state troops.

Whether the demand was justified is not important. What *was* important was the fact—well known to our Communists—that, according to Sections 48-238 and 48-242 of the Revised Statutes of the State of Kansas, the governor had no alternative but to honor the request of the county officials. Against his desire and his judgment, therefore, Governor Landon called out the militia.

Even then our comrades weren't satisfied with their work of political sabotage. Once they got the troops into Cherokee County, they proceeded to make it hot for them and everybody else concerned. In that county—where the eight Communists mentioned in a previous article were subsequently arrested for manslaughter—the situation was made more difficult by the fact that several elected local public officials were actually members of the Communist Party.

Two of the comrades, who had also had themselves elected to official positions in the union local, now got themselves arrested numerous times by the governor's troops for sabotage and felonious assault. Of course, at each arrest the Communists set up a big howl that Landon was persecuting union officials in an effort to sabotage organized labor. These charges kept the district in an uproar for a month, and the governor in the position of upholding the privileged class and downtreading the underprivileged.

By the end of that month of martial law the Communists had succeeded in what they had undertaken. It made no difference that the strike was strictly political, that the workers didn't get anything out of it and weren't intended to. They had put the governor on the spot.

From that time on Alf Landon had about as much chance of being President of the United States as Martin Dies has of sitting in Stalin's throne chair in the Kremlin.

Coincident with his nomination, a meeting of the central committee of the Communist Party was called at St. Louis. Word had come from Moscow via New York that the time to smear Landon nationally had arrived. Resolutions denouncing the governor for sending troops into the southeast corner of the state were immediately prepared by Communist leaders, and the same comrades who had led the disturbances at Galena in Cherokee County were dispatched with them to an open forum held by the American Federation of Labor of Kansas at Coffeyville.

These comrades caused the resolutions to be introduced at the forum, and they were unanimously adopted. Millions of copies of these Communist-prepared resolutions were then distributed to local unions throughout the country. To the credit of Bill Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, it must be said that after the Kansas Commissioner of Labor investigated the resolutions and reported that they evidently were the work of Communists, the president of the American Federation of Labor refused to be a party to this Moscow-hatched plot to smear Landon. However, Communist writers swarmed into Kansas and wrote anti-Landon horror stories. The following from the Daily Worker is typical:

LANDON LABOR AND RELIEF
POLICIES DOOM MINERS
Kansas Mine Owners
Throw Workers Out
If Silicosis Strikes
Landon's Program Dooms Families of
Stricken Men—Women Turn to
Prostitution to Support
Families

TREECE, KAN., Aug. 31.—The program of Governor Alfred M. Landon has doomed to death hundreds of widows of miners in the lead-zinc ore region here. Their husbands have died with silicosis. Their little children are stunted, their lungs seared with silicia dust, and they are dying.

These widows, ravaged by disease that killed their husbands, struggle night and day to keep alive on an $8-a-month relief budget or, if they are lucky, work on WPA for $32 a month.

If they can't get either WPA or relief—and relief is hard to get in Landon's Kansas—they turn, hundreds of them, to prostitution.

But death—a cruel, awful death—ends their struggle in a year or two.

Now, I hold no brief for Alf Landon. I was a Democrat before I was a Communist, and my sympathies, if any, are still with the Democrats. But I submit that such a trick, played on a man who, in this case at least, had done only what he was required to do by law, deserves the condemnation of all right-thinking citizens.

But, like most such Communist tricks, it worked. Landon was branded as labor's foe—and labor, several millions strong, voted for Roosevelt.

Stalin had willed it so. And now he is willing it so again for 1940.

NO one who knows Mr. Roosevelt believes that he is a member of the Communist Party. Few who know him believe that he wants a third term. Yet, if we Communists have our way—and we usually do—he will be re-elected triumphantly in 1940 just as he was in 1936, in spite of his lack of desire for our support.

In fact the Communist campaign to keep the President in the White House has already begun.

Earl Browder, national secretary of the Communist Party in America, speaking recently in Madison Square Garden, told his hearers that the President must keep his post. William Z. Foster, chairman of the same organizaton, addressing the annual convention of the Young Communist League, went even further.

"If you don't take Roosevelt," Foster in effect warned the country, "you'll get a Mussolini or a Hitler."

These are the opening guns of the fight which will be waged—openly if the President does not repudiate it, secretly if he does—by the Communist Party from now until the conventions and elections of 1940.

Why, you ask, are we Communists so anxious to keep in office a man who admittedly is not of our faith?

Well, President Roosevelt is what we Communists call a "fellow traveler." We don't expect our fellow travelers to go all the way with us. They are short-haul passengers on a through train. Mr. Roosevelt, like the others, may drop off any time. But so long as he is going our way we are willing to ride along with him —especially so long as he shows a willingness to pay for our ticket.

So far—as we see it—the present administration has kept close to the Communist Party line. As I write, I have before me copies of both Communist Party and Democratic Party platforms of recent years. It would be difficult for any casual reader to tell which was which.

The President's advisers must know that this is so. What they may not know is that the mass of socialistic legislation rushed through Congress in the last six years was deliberately devised by the Communist Party, under Moscow supervision, to throw the American nation into industrial chaos and bankruptcy. We Communists, not the so-called New Dealers, first advocated this mass of destructive legislation, and we did it not because we thought it would work but because we knew it wouldn't. What we wanted to do was to prostrate the country so that it would become an easy prey to our machinations.

And we have come jolly close to achieving our objective. Millions of small business men have been driven into bankruptcy and on to the relief rolls; millions of workers have been laid off, factories have closed; farmers, tenants, and small-home owners have been evicted; young people have drifted from place to place, hopeless, helpless, desperate. In such conditions Communism breeds, and out of them comes the Revolution.

Thus, under the New Deal, prospers the Communist plot to force a collapse of American democracy and bring on a Soviet government under which the United States would actually be a part of Soviet Russia.

Perhaps it is going too far to say that the Democratic Party is the jackass on which we Communists hope to ride in triumph to the doors of an American Kremlin, but it cannot be denied that right now the New Deal is a better thumbing prospect than any other outfit in sight.

PRIVATELY, of course, we have no more regard for Roosevelt than we have for any other capitalist; and once the People's Front, our "society" name for a Communist Front, is established, we shall kick overboard the Democratic Party and all its leaders. Sometimes, however, men who do not carry a card of the party are more useful than actual members—and in that sense Leftist administration leaders are very useful to us.

Under previous administrations the meeting places of Communists, when detected, were raided, literature burned, furniture destroyed, and leaders sent to the hospital for body repairs or slammed into jail. Today the mails of the United States are glutted with Communist literature; seventy-five bookshops in fifty-one cities openly sell this literature; Communist training schools are operated throughout the country; Communist meetings are openly held and publicly advertised. Moreover, the party's propaganda is carried through the mails by the Daily and the Sunday Worker in New York City, the Midwest Daily Record in Chicago, eight other daily newspapers, twenty weekly and semiweekly publications, and—the words are Browder's—"a growing flood of books, pamphlets, and magazines, all of which find a ready and growing market."

This privilege, of course, extends to the various "front" organizations used—often without their knowledge —by Communists to further party interests and aims. These associations usually have patriotic titles; as, for instance, the American League for Peace and Democracy, formerly called the League Against War and Fascism, high in whose gatherings sit such outstanding "patriots" as Comrade Earl Browder and Comrade Clarence Hathaway.

Patriot Browder, you may recall, won his stripes during the World

War in Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary; and Patriot Hathaway is the editor of the Daily Worker, the sterling Americanism of which is witnessed by what was until recently its subtitle: "Central Organ, Communist Party, U. S. A. Section of Communist International."

The American League for Peace and Democracy is said to represent organizations with a total membership of 3,500,000. It is one of the chief "front" organizations into which we Communists have infiltrated as part of the Trojan Horse campaign; and, thanks to the New Deal interpretation of freedom of speech and freedom of the press, it is doing effective work for most of the causes which Communists espouse—so good that our party's central national committee has decreed that at least 20 per cent of each Communist branch must take out membership in the League.

ANOTHER powerful organization accorded use of the mails and protection of the federal authorities, the National Committee for People's Rights, is another victim of Communist infiltration. Well-meaning professedly non-Communist liberals like Rockwell Kent, Ella Winter, and John Howard Lawson are shoved out in front—in the true Trojan Horse manner—as top-line attractions; but the real operators of the enterprise are Gifford Cochran, secretary, and Eleanor Weinstock, assistant secretary, both of the Communist Party.

Operating similarly under the protection of a benevolent government is the International Labor Defense, a "front" organization used by us Communists to sponsor socialistic legislation and protect members of the party accused of violation of immigration and other laws. As usual, the official window dressing is largely non-Communist. But active on its governing committee and advisory board are such nationally known Communists as Chairman William Z. Foster, James W. Ford, Negro candidate for Vice-President, Ella Reeves (Mother) Bloor, Max Bedacht, Gifford Cochran, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Angelo Herndon, and others. Anna Damon, well known Communist, is national secretary, and Louis Colman, who does not deny party membership, is assistant national secretary.

I could name dozens of other organizations, of which I have personal knowledge, through which we Communists are working—frequently unknown to the organizations themselves—to upset the very government whose mails we use to distribute our literature of sedition.

Thus the tolerance of our fellow travelers in Washington not only enables us to spend our own money to spread the gospel of revolution but does not frown on our getting other people and other organizations to spend their money to help along the same cause. The government goes even further: *It spends its own money to help bring about its own overthrow.*

With a complacency which aston-

Beware of ATHLETE'S FOOT when feet perspire and steam!

HOT SUMMER WEATHER keeps your feet steaming in perspiration. During the day your socks stay hot and damp. This irritates the skin—especially between the toes, causes it to crack open—makes you an easy prey to painful Athlete's Foot!

That crack between your toes signals DANGER

ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI actually feed on that dried skin and stale moisture until the skin cracks open. Then the germ gets right in. Soon red, itchy toes—white, blistering patches of skin peeling off—make you realize you have this dreaded skin infection.

DRENCH IT AT ONCE!

Look for cracks between the toes tonight. Play safe, drench them liberally with Absorbine Jr.

1. It *dries* the skin between the toes.
2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. A powerful fungicide—it kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It relieves the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle. For sale at all druggists.

DIRECTIONS: Apply Absorbine Jr., full strength, night and morning. For supplementary treatment place cotton saturated with one part Absorbine Jr. and two parts water between the toes or over affected part, and lightly bandage. Guard against re-infection! Boil socks at least 15 minutes to kill the fungi. Do not share towels or bath mats. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases, consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

ABSORBINE Jr. Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT Fungi on contact

Also QUICK RELIEF for

Sore, Aching Muscles
Tired, Burning Feet
Bites of Mosquitoes and other Small Insects

Absorbine Jr.

Sample Bottle FREE

W. F. Young, Inc., 360 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.
Please send me sample bottle of Absorbine Jr. FREE
Name
Address
City State

ished even us Communists, the administration permitted us to seize the government-supported WPA theater projects, especially those in New York, as an agency through which to make theatergoers class-conscious, and to use both the writers and artists as similar instruments of revolutionary propaganda.

"In the Communist-controlled cultural projects of the WPA," reported one investigator, "the workers spend most of their time doing party work—on government money. Many of the men on the writers' project in New York, after checking in during the morning, spend the day running errands for the Daily Worker."

Head of the writers' project in New York City—managing editor he is called—is Nicholas Wirth, former package wrapper in the office of the Daily Worker. Maximum output required of writers is said to be one thousand words, or less than three hours' work, per week, with 90 per cent off from this figure if you are a Communist in good standing. Head of the theater project in the nation is Hallie Flanagan. One Communist is quoted as saying, "She has made more effective propaganda for the cause than almost any one else. That's what a Moscow training does for you."

THE pressure group which the Communist Party has used to convert these taxpayer-supported relief projects into bureaus for the distribution of its propaganda, and to reduce Uncle Sam to the status of errand boy for confessed revolutionists, is the Workers Alliance of America—which brings us to the greatest of all Communist triumphs achieved with the permission, and apparently with the blessing, of the present federal government—the organizing of the unemployed.

I am a union man myself. I believe in unions. But never in my wildest dreams did I picture a "union" of men and women who do not work at all or, at most, do make-work provided by a benevolent government to save them and their families from starvation—a "union" whose chief function is obviously to bite the hand that feeds it.

Read what Frederic Sondern, Jr., who conducted a strictly impartial investigation for the Commentator, has to say on the subject:

> Two million unemployed American citizens—on relief and WPA—have been organized into the Communist-controlled and Communist-led Workers Alliance of America.
>
> This organization has been able to threaten federal and local officials with violence.
>
> It has been able to destroy government property.
>
> It has been able to cause the demotion and discharge of relief officers.
>
> It has been able to put its members on relief quickly and regardless of merit.
>
> It has been able to call sit-in strikes on government property.
>
> It has been able to do all these things—and others—with impunity.

In the early days of the depression Joseph Stalin issued an important statement to his trusted associates in which he said that whereas many did not believe that the social revolution would include the United States, he believed that it would; in fact, that he felt that the time for a revolution in America was very close. To back up his statement, he pointed to the number of the unemployed—which at that time had reached 3,000,000—as the nucleus around which such a revolutionary movement could be built.

A word from Stalin is sufficient to the Soviet-wise.

IN the big gray building across the Kremlin in Moscow sits a body of young men known as the American Division of the Politburo of the Communist International. These skilled propagandists, though Russian-trained, have all been long resident in America, and they are adept in devising practical schemes for putting the Red Dictator's words into effective action over here. In short, they pull the strings which make Earl Browder perform as Charlie McCarthy to Stalin's Edgar Bergen.

The young men of the Moscow Politburo went right to work on the job of transforming the unemployed in America into a militant unit dominated by revolutionary leaders. In this country the work was entrusted to a young Communist leader, Herbert Benjamin, who forthwith began organizing Industrial Councils of the unemployed and staging so-called "hunger marches." Meanwhile another young man, David Lasser, who denied that he is a Communist but who recently resigned from the Socialist Party after facing charges that he was too radical, had also begun to make a business of unemployment. Meeting in Washington, the two groups melded into what is now known as the Workers Alliance, with Lasser as "front" man and Benjamin as the real boss.

Under Benjamin's leadership the Alliance has become strictly a Communist Party adjunct. To my personal knowledge, eleven members of its national board are party members in good standing. (Benjamin, before the Congressional committee, could recall only three!) Alliance meetings are used to distribute party literature, sell party publicatons, raise money for new party ventures, and further party causes.

Benjamin's aim is to unite *all* of the unemployed under his Communistic leadership. There is nothing in his program, so far as I can see, which contemplates a return of the unemployed to employment. He looks upon unemployment as a career and the maintenance of an all-inclusive "union of the unemployed" as a permanent easily mobilized unit under Communist control and subject to call when "the time comes."

Summoned before the Congressional committee investigating the WPA, Benjamin cheerfully admitted that he had long been a member of the Communist Party, but, in the usual Trojan Horse manner, insisted that he saw "no inconsistency between . . . the philosophy of Communism and . . . the principles of democratic government."

This statement couldn't impress any one who had read the April, 1936, issue of the Communist, the official party magazine, in which the same Benjamin sounded off as follows:

"We state to all workers that the national government, the city and state governments are their enemies. . . . Line up in the battle against the enemy class. . . . When you strike a blow, make the enemy stagger. . . ."

Now, to some it would seem to be the obvious duty of a government thus reviled and threatened to jail or deport or perhaps shoot the man who made the above statement, and to disband the organization helping to spread such revolutionary ideas.

Instead, we have government's spokesman, Aubrey Williams, then Harry Hopkins' chief assistant and deputy administrator of WPA, now head of NYA, declaring: "I have said on many occasions that I hope the Workers Alliance will grow, that it will expand. I hope that the organization of the unemployed people in America will include all of the unemployed in America."

I DO not need to show further why, in 1936, although we had a Presidential candidate of our own and that candidate was Earl Browder himself, the word went out from Browder's own Politburo in New York, which is the American clearinghouse for orders from Stalin's Politburo in Moscow, that we should vote the Democratic ticket, and why the same orders have gone out for 1940.

I wouldn't have gone so far as I have gone except for one thing. From the moment I began writing these articles I have had one face before me all the time—the face of the President of the United States. The more I wrote, the more I realized that he alone must be my ultimate audience. For he alone can stop this terrible thing about which I am writing.

Personally, I am a great admirer of President Roosevelt. I voted for him in 1932, before I joined the Communist Party. I voted for him in 1936, and would have done so if my Communist superiors had not ordered me to do so. I have not written what I have written to attack him. I have written it to appeal to him, to beg him to see what is being done to him and to his program and to his administration and to *his people* by men and women who—no matter how glibly they may prate of their patriotism and their democracy—are deliberately plotting the overthrow of the government on whose bounty they live.

To be sure, there are some things that you as private citizens can do. Whenever you spot Communist propaganda or Communist attempts at domination in the lodges and societies and unions to which you belong, you can insist on opening up the Trojan Horse and exposing its Russian entrails. You can write your congressman, your senator, your governor, and demand that they co-operate in tearing the mask from the so-called legal Communist Party and expose it for what it is—a branch of the Communist International of Moscow, taking orders from Joseph Stalin, with the sole aim of establishing in this country the Soviet rule of Russia.

There are also things that you as private citizens can do through organizations to which you belong. Today Communism fears only two such organizations—the American Legion and the Catholic Church. Protestant churches have made efforts too, but because of lack of co-ordination and organization have accomplished comparatively little. Every religious group in America should be rallied to the battle against the coming of a regime which denies the existence of a God and forbids His worship. And the eyes of organized labor should certainly be opened to the futility of advocating a system of government where freedom to work means only freedom to work where a Soviet dictator tells you to work, and only at a price the Soviet is willing to pay.

THESE things should be done. And there is not much time in which to do them. Unemployment is here. War may come almost any time. Chaos follows. Direct action is required to meet direct action. Officers of the law are needed to catch breakers of the law. The federal government, if it decides to do so, can prove the illegality of the Communist Party and drive it from the United States within thirty days. I know that the party lives in daily fear of just that thing.

"Put J. Edgar Hoover on the job," a party leader said to me not long ago, "and there won't be any such thing as the Communist Party in America."

Mr. President, as a citizen whose name and credentials I authorize the editor of Liberty to give you, and you alone, I ask that you do just that.

I charge

—that the Communist Party in the United States is no legal party at all, but merely a branch of the Communist International which rules Soviet Russia;

—that the methods members of this so-called legal party are using to achieve its revolutionary ends are violent methods, illegal methods, methods justifying prosecution by you;

—that these methods are being employed successfully with the permission, approval, and apparently with the connivance of some of the men and women close to you and basking in the sunlight of your popularity.

Sir, in your administration you have well-nigh abolished kidnaping. You have reduced bank robbery to a vanishing minimum. Isn't it just as worth-while to stamp out treason?

THE END

SAFE AT SECOND! But the scrape on Johnny's elbow won't be safe from infection until he can have it treated properly, and Band-Aid put on to help protect the hurt. Band-Aid is a neat, ready-made adhesive bandage. Just stick it on. It's easy to apply. And Band-Aid *stays* on—even on awkward, hard-to-bandage surfaces. Buy only *genuine Band-Aid.* It's made by Johnson & Johnson, world's largest manufacturer of surgical dressings. Look for the red cross on the package.

WATERPROOF
BAND-AID
BORATED PAD
36 ADHESIVE BANDAGES
THREE SIZES ASSORTED
Johnson & Johnson

Johnson & Johnson
BAND-AID
REG U. S. PAT. OFF.
ADHESIVE BANDAGES

"BOY-O-BOY-
I WON A SHINY
BIKE AND I'VE
BEEN EARNING
MONEY BESIDES."

Bobby Wolfe
of
Springdale,
Conn.

BOYS! You Can Too!

It's easy and it's fun! You can win a big bike, big league baseball equipment or any one of 500 other prizes entirely FREE!

Write today—just fill out the coupon —but hurry! Be sure to write today!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE L 8-5-39
Boys Sales Division
205 East 42 Street, N. Y. City, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy Salesman and earn free prizes and cash profits.
Please print plainly!
NAME.................................AGE.........
ADDRESS...
CITY.............................STATE............
Please have your parent show approval by signing here:
....

FUNNY FILL-INS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

$2,000 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

START AN ENTRY AND WIN YOUR SHARE!

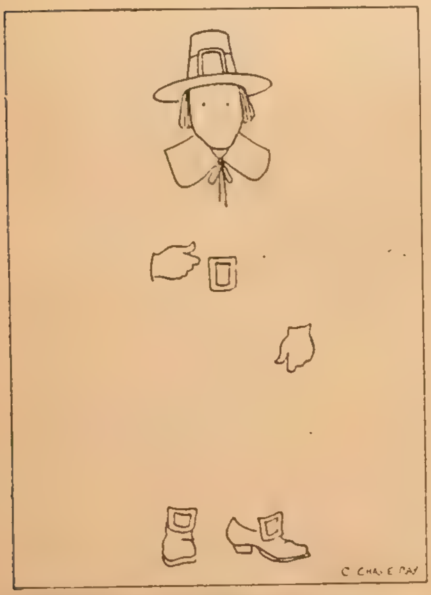
NO artistic ability is necessary to win a prize in this new game. In fact a child has an equal chance with an adult. It does not matter how crudely your Funny Fill-In is drawn. Fill in the missing parts of the costume, face, and figure and complete the drawing in any way you want, endeavoring to make it as funny and ludicrous as you can. Read the Rules carefully, for they explain exactly how to go about making up a winning entry. Start right from this page. Get into the game now. Make tracings of Funny Fill-In No. 2 for practice if you wish before making your final version of the drawing. Do not enter separate Fill-Ins. Wait until your set of ten is complete.

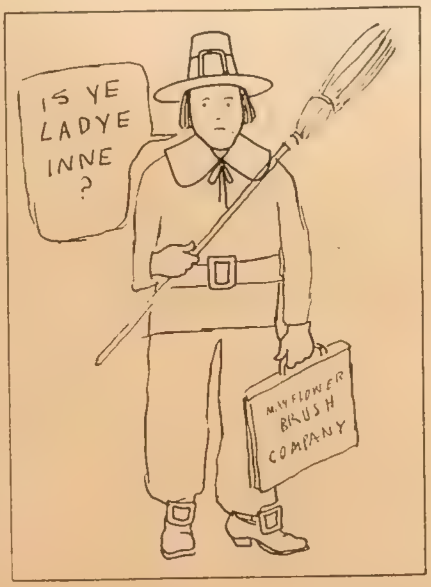
AID FOR LATE ENTRANTS

If you need Funny Fill-In No. 1 to bring your entry up to date, send to the address in Rule 3, enclosing ten cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive this Fill-In you can complete it at your leisure and your entry will be even with the field.

TO HELP YOU START

Below you will find a sample Funny Fill-In, together with a completed version. Why not practice on this one? Doubtless you can create much more amusing results with a little study. Remember, artistic ability is not required. The fun's the thing!





Copyright, 1939, by Charles E. Ray

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated September 30, Liberty will publish a Funny Fill-In.

2. Clip out each Funny Fill-In as it appears and draw in the missing parts of the face, body and costume, making whatever additions you choose. Make each picture as funny or amusing as you can, using your own ideas about what will give the desired effect. A soft black pencil is recommended.

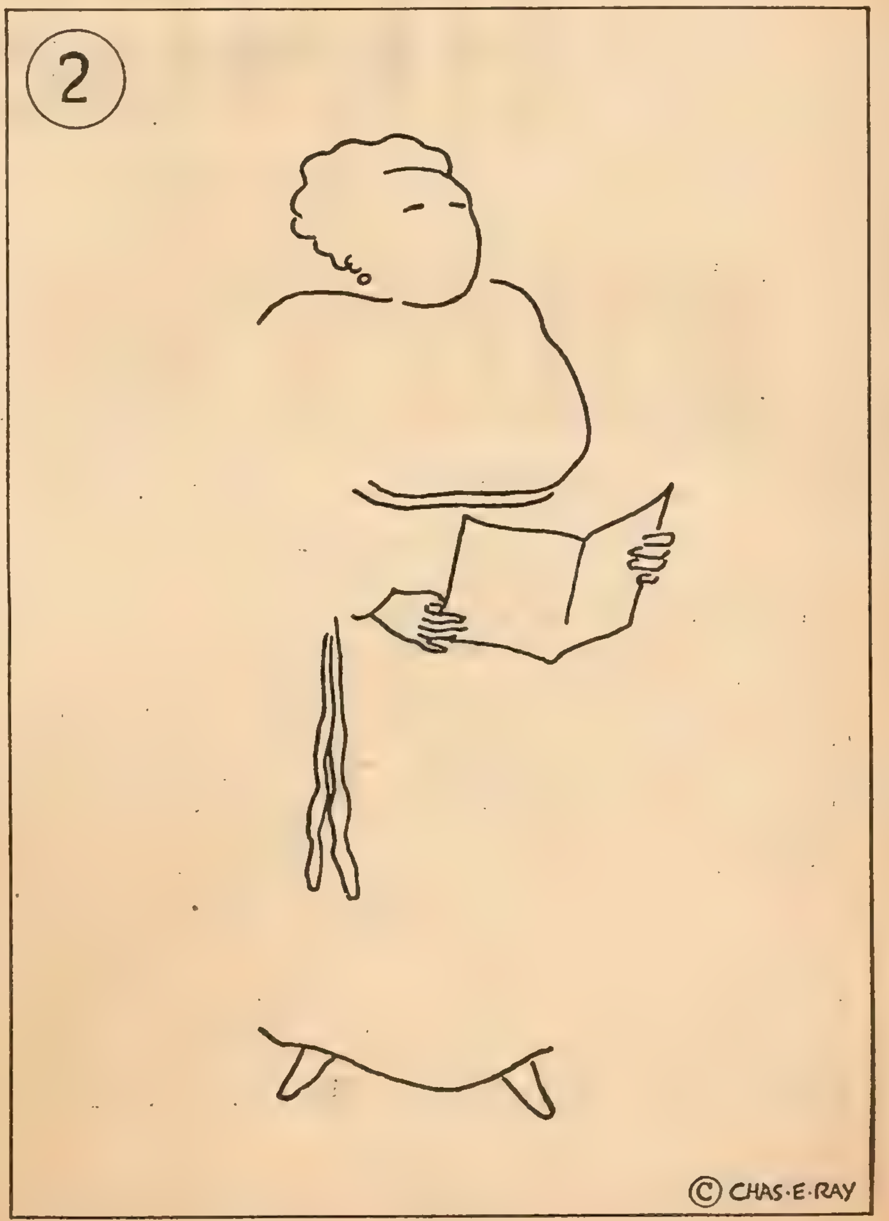
3. Send no entries until your set of ten completed Funny Fill-Ins is assembled. Then send them in as a unit. Address your entry to Funny Fill-Ins Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

4. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

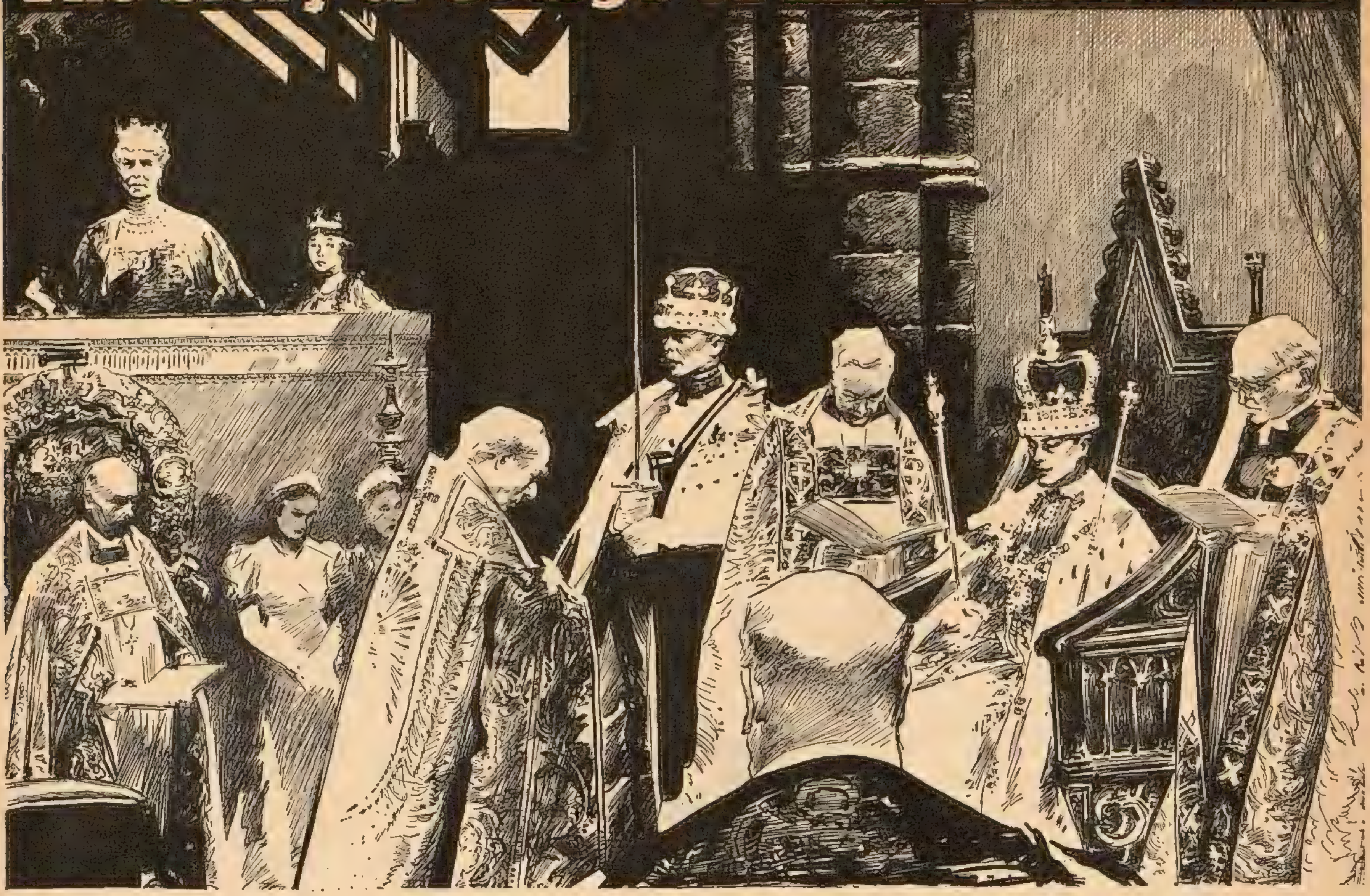
5. Entries will be judged on the basis of amusingness, originality, and neatness. On that basis the entry rating highest will be awarded a First Prize of $500. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5; a total of $2,000. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence relative to any entry.

7. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight Wednesday, October 4, 1939, the closing date of this contest.



The Story of George VI and Edward VIII



Over there stood the queenly mother. A momentous episode had exiled one of her sons and put another in his place.

KINGS AND BROTHERS

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

PART TWELVE—CONCLUSION

The King is gone! Long live the King! So ends, with words that touch the heart, this brilliant biography

BY EMIL LUDWIG

WHEN the King opened his newspapers on December 10, he read in one of the most prominent: "There is a growing impatience with the protracted delay. . . . The doubt is holding up business in a thousand forms, direct and indirect."

An hour later he was able to put an end to a delay alleged to be so disastrous to trade. His three brothers had come to sign the Instrument of Abdication as witnesses. It ran:

"I, Edward the Eighth, of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Emperor of India, do hereby declare My Irrevocable determination to renounce the Throne for Myself and for My descendants, and My desire that effect should be given to this Instrument of Abdication immediately. In token whereof I have hereunto set My hand this tenth day of December, nineteen hundred and thirty six, in the presence of the witnesses whose signatures are subscribed. EDWARD R. I."

This document contains neither "by the grace of God" nor "Defender of the Faith." It is signed in a firm hand, and signed below at the left by the three brothers.

Nothing was written as to the rights of the King who had abdicated. The title "Duke of Windsor" had been invented only two days before. None of the lawyers concerned thought of explicitly extending the rank conferred on the King to his future wife; that went without saying, and to have demanded confirmation in writing would have looked like lack of confidence.

That afternoon the House of Commons quietly set to work on the listed questions before it. Baldwin arrived, amid cheers, and when the questions were disposed of he went to the Bar of the House and announced: "A message from his Majesty the King, signed by his Majesty's own hand." Bowing to the Speaker, he handed him three sheets of paper. The Speaker was so agitated that they could be heard rustling as he began to read the message aloud—a dignified, restrained message, only three or four times as long as the Instrument of Abdication, which was contained in it.

Baldwin's speech, which followed, was the masterpiece of an experienced politician. The facts he cited have been set forth in the course of this story; no single point he made can be disproved, even today, with the exception of his statement that the King would agree with him that not only friendship existed between them but "between man and man, a friendship of affection. I would like to tell the House that when we said good-by on Tuesday night at Fort Belvedere, we both knew and felt and said to each other that this friendship . . . bound us more closely together than ever, and would last for life."

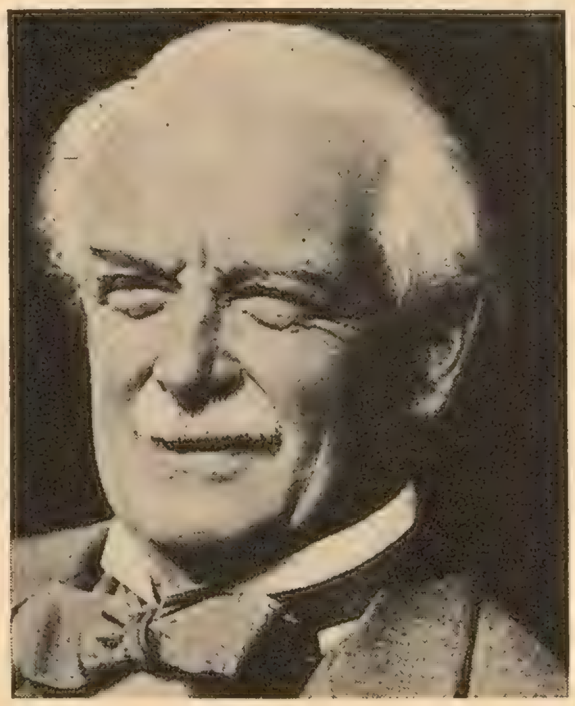
The unopened suitcase is there to refute this interpretation of things. It is also refuted by the King's later statement to his friends.

This alleged friendship and affection, however, sets the tone of Baldwin's report and can be heard throughout his speech. The words just quoted stand near the beginning of it. For the rest, it is thick with that mixture of self-praise and modesty, pride and humility, which is familiar from all Baldwin's big speeches. No outsider could fail to be struck by his repeated insistence that he had told the King nothing but the truth. It is also characteristic that Baldwin, who certainly first spoke to the King in a purely private capacity, adorns that short-circuiting of Parliament with a double burst of emotion: "I consulted, I am ashamed to say—and they have forgiven me—none of my colleagues." A motto which might well figure one day under Baldwin's bust in the Abbey.

THERE was only one genuinely moving moment in the course of that speech. That was when the King's own words were heard. Baldwin read a note which the King had sent him that same morning: "Duke of York. He and the King have always been on the best of terms as brothers, and the King is confident that the Duke deserves and will receive the support of the whole Empire."

These few lines, jotted down quickly in pencil, show cordial feeling and worldly wisdom. The way in which, instead of speaking of his "beloved brother," he speaks quite informally in a couple of words of the feeling between them, declaring at the same time to the government and the world his confidence in him, is in the best English tradition. How far the King here showed himself humanly superior to the minister is proved by the effect of these brief manly words in the midst of Baldwin's lachrymose outpourings. Such moments betray whether a King writes his own speeches and letters or not. It is all a question of style, since style reveals the genuineness of feeling. In the one case it is there; in the other, not.

Baldwin's artificial plain-spokenness also stands out in a comparison with Churchill's speeches. For after the Liberal leader, Sinclair, had spoken a few meager words of regret and hope, Churchill rose. This time he was not hissed down, for he could do no more harm. His speech lasted ten minutes; some day school children will learn it as a classic. In it he makes amends to the government for the attack he made on it five days before, in order not to endanger the unity of the country, or at least of his party, at a moment such as this. At the same time he emphasizes the sacrifice "voluntarily" made by the King; it goes "far beyond the bounds required by the law and Constitution."



"Best Christmas greetings from an old Minister of the Crown who holds you in as high esteem as ever, deplores the stupid treatment accorded to you, regrets the loss sustained by the British Empire. **DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.**"

In this way he restored the chief figure, namely the King, to his place in the center of the stage, hitherto occupied by Baldwin, and said the words which Baldwin should have said:

"In this Prince there were discerned qualities of courage, of simplicity, of sympathy, and, above all, of sincerity, qualities rare and precious which might have made his reign glorious in the annals of this ancient monarchy. It is the acme of tragedy that these very virtues should, in the private sphere, have led only to this melancholy and bitter conclusion. But, although today our hopes are withered, still I will assert that his personality will not go down uncherished to future ages, that it will be particularly remembered in the homes of his poorer subjects, and that they will ever wish from the bottoms of their hearts for his private peace and happiness, and for the happiness of those who are dear to him."

In these truly Roman words, Churchill, alone among the six hundred members of Parliament, raised the whole event into the sphere of history, showed the King's character to the world, and, in the last five words, lifted the lady in question out of all the mud of slander in which she had been buried for weeks past.

Colonel Wedgwood too, speaking after him, found fine and manly words. He "could have wished that the King had been allowed to live here married, happy, and King," but he knew it was "a thousand years" too early for that; "we" were not yet liberal enough. In the circumstances, the King's decision to abdicate and leave the country was right, "for nothing could have been worse than a kingdom ruled by a man with a grievance, partly hostile to every minister who had put him in the dilemma—"

AT this point the House protested; there were loud cries of "No!" And when the plucky Colonel continued: "collecting round him false friends—" there were renewed cries of "No!" so that he sarcastically corrected himself: "collecting round him those who would use the King's feelings against the Ministry and against the Constitution."

Tomorrow, he said, a new Oath of Allegiance, to a new King, would be taken—taken unanimously, because that was the present King's wish. "There will be, I would say, millions of people with aching hearts. They will carry on for England. . . . If they sometimes raise their glass to the King over the water, who shall blame them?"

In the House of Lords, the Archbishop declared that "we dare not" probe the King's inner motives. Lord Salisbury, however, said very finely that the King had received his charge from nobody to whom he could return it, "and his abdication is a wound in the body politic which is a disaster. It leaves it mutilated." Though no doubt the King's successor would amply vindicate the traditions of his forefathers, yet "we shall know for all time that there has happened in this country the abdication of a Sovereign."

The profound gravity with which the descendant of one of the oldest lines in England, the utter sincerity with which a conservative friend of the Prime Minister avowed, on this, the very first day, the simple fact—apart from any personal interpretation—that such a wound had come about, was a gesture toward the future. After quoting these words of Lord Salisbury's, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, in The Windsor Tapestry, avows his own fear of the possibility of a war, and adds:

"Should that calamity befall, it is certain that the abdication of King Edward will be regarded as one of the causes that brought it about, and the people of this country will ask in wrath why that abdication was forced upon him—not by the Government directly, but indirectly by playing upon his generosity."

When, on the following day, at the

second and third readings of the Abdication Bill, Baldwin paid a brief personal tribute to the King, Churchill's chivalrous speech must have rung in every ear. Maxton then moved an amendment with a view to the establishment of a republic, and was defeated by 403 votes to 5. In his speech he quoted the old nursery rhyme:

All the King's horses and all the
King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty back
again.

At that moment the entire House broke in with the cry: "'Together,' not 'back'!" There was general laughter, and the debate closed like an English comedy.

BUT not the abdication. By signing the Abdication Act, the King became Duke of Windsor. He had resolved to speak a few words of farewell to his people. The radio, which had been closed to him as King, could not remain closed to him now.

The mother of both Kings addressed the people, and from her heart, in a written message which was published the next morning:

"I need not speak to you of the distress which fills a mother's heart when I think that my dear son has deemed it to be his duty to lay down his charge. . . . I know that . . . you will keep a grateful remembrance of him in your hearts. I commend to you his brother. . . . I ask you to give to him the same full measure of generous loyalty which you gave to my beloved husband."

Meanwhile, the world heard the speech which Edward broadcast from Windsor Castle. Never in the course of history have so many human beings all over the earth listened to a single voice as on that evening of December 11, 1936. Even the London telephone stood still for seven minutes.

The very first words sound like those of a prisoner set free. "At long last," he began, "I am able to say a few words of my own. I have never wanted to withhold anything, but until now it has not been constitutionally possible for me to speak." His next words were a declaration of his allegiance to his brother, who had just succeeded him as King. "This I do"—he paused a moment—"with all my heart." Everybody knew, he said, why he was going; what he wished everybody to know was that, in making up his mind, he had not forgotten the country he had for twenty-five years tried to serve as Prince and King.

"But you must believe me when I tell you that I have found it impossible to carry the heavy burden of responsibility, and to discharge my duties as King as I would wish to do, without the help and support of the woman I love." The last words were spoken in a low voice. He added that the decision had been his alone; that she had tried up to the last to persuade him to take a different course.

"I have made this, the most serious decision of my life, only upon the single thought of what would in the end be best for all." His sure knowledge of his brother's fine qualities and long training in public affairs had made it easier for him. "And he has one matchless blessing, enjoyed by so many of you and not bestowed on me"—a long pause followed—"a happy home with his wife and children."

He had been comforted during these grievous days by his mother and his family, and by his ministers. "In particular"—his voice was low and cold—"Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, has always treated me with full consideration." There had been no constitutional differences between him and the ministers or Parliament. Throughout the Empire he had met with the utmost kindness in all ranks of the people. He was grateful for that. It might be some time before he returned to his native land. Then, in a manly voice, he said that he would follow with profound interest "the fortunes of the British race and Empire, and if at any time in the future I can be found of service to His Majesty in a private station, I shall not fail."

A long pause followed. Then came the sentences:

"And now we all have a new King. I wish him and you, his people, happiness and prosperity with all my heart. God bless you all. God save the King!"

YOU'RE STILL MY ADORABLE BRIDE!
YES—HONEYMOONS LAST LONGER FOR WIVES WHO GUARD AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
ISN'T TOM WONDERFUL? HERE WE ARE, MARRIED TEN YEARS — AND HE STILL SENDS ME FLOWERS EVERY WEEK!
LUCKY WOMAN! BUT IF I HAD A "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" LIKE YOURS, MAYBE MY HUSBAND WOULD BE MORE ATTENTIVE
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE MAKES MY COMPLEXION SO DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING?
MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? THAT'S WHAT I USE!
Olive Oil, PALMOLIVE'S SECRET!
YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY. LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
YOU'VE CONVINCED ME! I'LL CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE TODAY!
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

He had, in those moving moments, spoken in a firm voice, though with sudden pauses; but at the end his self-control deserted him. His voice broke on those last heartfelt words.

That speech really won to his side a large part of that fraction of the world public which, till then, had had its doubts about him. Thousands of Englishmen who had turned against him in the preceding weeks began to feel shame and assured him in letters that he was still their King. The speech had only been shown to two friends, who have spoken to me about it. Both advised him to omit the sentence about the woman he loved. He insisted, and that was the sentence which went to all hearts. A lonely Prince and King, brought up in an epoch full of words of hate and violence, had found the simplest, oldest words to speak of a woman: "the woman I love." Amid hand grenades, tanks, and bombs there had reappeared in the slim figure of a King's son a knight defending the honor of his lady as in the times of the troubadours. The youth of the so-called iron age had been given a new example.

THE only one of the five hundred million listeners who did not seem pleased was the lady. She was by no means lying fainting on a sofa, as people wrote, for she is a resolute and in her way a brave character. She told him frankly over the telephone, which kept them in touch the whole time, that he should have told the whole truth about his enemies. But it was precisely by refraining from any accusations in making his great sacrifice that he showed the nobility of his character. He did not know that his enemies would not respond in the same way.

After the speech, Edward went across to Royal Lodge and there said good-by to his family like a man going to war. The brothers shook hands. The elder wished the younger good luck; the younger, deeply moved, pressed his brother's hand without a word. It was soon over. His car was waiting outside to take him to the coast.

And what about the guard of honor? What about the troops to line the streets of Windsor and Portsmouth? A man was going who had served the country for a quarter of a century, who had been for a quarter of a century the darling of the people, who had that very morning been "Your Majesty." Was there any ceremony of the court, the army, or the navy which should not have been gone through for such a man after such a time?

Nothing of the kind was done. Through the snow and fog, accompanied by his terrier and an old Oxford friend, and by nobody and nothing else, the King who was no longer King drove through the night to Portsmouth. Where were the masses, the troops who had so often greeted him in his comings and goings? Had he lost a battle? Had he harmed the country? Had he committed any dishonorable act? One would have thought so, for no drums were beaten, no gun was fired, no word of command rang out. Nobody was there to do him any honor. All stayed behind in the night. Servants who had been with Edward for twenty-two and seventeen years remained behind, although he was going into exile a rich man, for in Buckingham Palace there was a pension waiting for them, while abroad they could be dismissed at a moment's notice.

The car rolled along through the night. Edward's behavior was exemplary. He talked to his friend about the old days at Oxford. They exchanged reminiscences about the Oxford dons; he imitated their little ways and spoke about their little pranks. Wrapped in his heavy coat, he kept his friend's spirits up and stroked his dog, the only creature of his immediate household to remain faithful to him.

Portsmouth. Exactly a month before he had been on this coast inspecting the fleet. Where were all the admirals who had stood at attention before him? Outside there lay the destroyer Fury, which was to take him abroad. But where was the dock gate? It was shut, and the chauffeur missed it in the fog. They stopped. Edward asked a passer-by: "How do we get to the docks? . . . Round there? Thank you."

These words to one of his so recent subjects, who did not recognize him, were the last Edward spoke in England. He bade his friend good-by. Two hours later he landed in Boulogne and took the train for Austria.

To his friend he could not go; that would have been against the divorce law, and could have got him into difficulties. He had wanted to go to the Duke of Westminster, a friend of his, in Biarritz. But although the Duke had invited him, and although thousands of people go to Biarritz every year, the government had refused its consent; he would have been too near the Spanish war. Instead, they suggested Switzerland. When he told his friend so on the telephone, she exclaimed that she had not been able to leave her room for a week past, owing to reporters; what would it be like in a Zurich hotel! She therefore telephoned to ask her friend Baroness Rothschild, in Vienna, whether the Baroness would transfer to Edward an invitation given to herself.

"I'll let you know in ten minutes," said the Baroness. Twenty minutes later the King had received and accepted the invitation to Vienna.

OFFICIAL England was enchanted with England's behavior. It extolled the calm with which, in the country that has the best manners, one king had been replaced with another. The Court Circular had said: "BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *December* 11. The Royal Assent was given at 1.52 p.m. today to his Majesty's Declaration of Abdication Bill.

"145, PICCADILLY, *December* 11. The Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, had an audience of the King this afternoon."

All the diplomats in the Old World who still strive to maintain their ceremonial were delighted by the well oiled rails on which the court moved in that historical announcement.

The monarchy, as the English papers assured each other and the people, had stood the test wonderfully. But the people, startled by the purity of tone in the farewell speech, needed some sop to their self-esteem, some turn of speech to put them in the right and the King in the wrong. The turn of speech that was found was: "We trusted him and he let us down!"

It does not often happen that the ingratitude of the masses stands so clearly revealed. A man they had idolized only too much for twenty-five years was renouncing power and rank because he was urged to act against his idea of a woman's honor. Who had been let down, the people or himself? One paper poked fun at his offer to serve his country again: "It sounds like a deserter saying as he runs away that he will be glad to fight in the next war." And only a little while ago I heard a high officer of the British navy say: "When the ship put to sea with him on board, I was in Portsmouth, and I thought, 'Now our country will be clean again!'"

In order to carry on, it was resolved to forget him as quickly as possible. No phonographic records made in England of the broadcast which had touched so many hearts were put on sale in England's stores.

WHAT might have been expected was that the all-comprehending Church would give the noblest and most Christian Godspeed to the man it had exiled. Dr. Partridge, Bishop of Portsmouth, chaplain to the King, implied in his sermon on the Sunday following Edward's departure that "evil things" had happened: "Almost universally there was a shudder at the indecency and impropriety of wild conduct that knew no law. . . . Only one other scene in history is comparable to that of the previous Friday night at Portsmouth, and that was when Napoleon stood upon the deck of the Bellerophon and looked back after Waterloo on the fair land of France."

That same Sunday the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had declared three days previously in the House of Lords that nobody should venture to probe Edward's motives, said to millions over the radio that on an 11th of December two hundred and forty-eight years before, King James II had fled from Whitehall. In the darkness, King Edward VIII had left the land.

"From God he received a high and sacred trust. Yet by his own will he has abdicated—he has surrendered the trust. With characteristic frankness he has told us his motive. It was a craving for private happiness.

. . . Strange and sad it must be that for such a motive he should have disappointed hopes so high, and abandoned a trust so great. Even more strange and sad it is that he should have sought his happiness in a manner inconsistent with the Christian principles of marriage, and within a social circle whose standards and ways of life are alien to all the best instincts and traditions of his people. Let those who belong to this circle know that today they stand rebuked by the judgment of the nation which had loved King Edward."

And after paying tribute to Baldwin and then to the new King, the Archbishop added the phenomenal question: "Who can doubt that in all the events of these memorable days God has been speaking?"

For years, no speech can have done such harm to England's Church as this. The whole world was repelled, for it is un-English to insult a fallen foe. Lord Brownlow, who had been King Edward's lord-in-waiting, publicly refuted the aspersion upon the King's circle, and the Archbishop replied that he had not been speaking of him. But a fine old Englishman, George Buchanan said candidly that he had never heard so much humbug in his life as in the past few days: "They make out that the former King was such a fine fellow—why did they unload him?"

Slowly, however, very different voices began to make themselves heard in some of the Dominions. The sitting of the Australian Parliament on December 9 led to stormy scenes. After the Australian Prime Minister had bespoken "a respectful and sympathetic silence" pending King Edward's decision, Labor members retorted: "You want to drive him out!" "His thoughts for the masses are too democratic!" "This will show him that some one is with him in Australia!" Thereupon some of them hummed God Save the King.

The next day their leader, Curtin, declared that, but for a motion to adjourn, he would have moved that an expression of the members' loyalty to King Edward, and of their hope that he would stay, be made to him through the Governor General. As it was, Curtin tried to get the expression voted upon as an amendment to the unamendable adjournment motion. The Labor member Beasley shouted, "This is sedition—putting a monarch off his throne without consulting Parliament!" Curtin repeated a demand of his that all the communications which had passed between the Australian Prime Minister and the government of the United Kingdom be made available.

And then, at last, on December 11, one man in the whole Empire found the words which so many had once lavished on Edward as Prince of Wales. "The love and admiration," cried that Labor member Beasley in Canberra, "felt for the gentleman who has abdicated is so widespread that it will never die in the hearts of the British people. . . . No doubt Mr. Baldwin desired to create the atmosphere necessary to bring about the abdication of the King. . . . There were more deep-seated reasons for his abdication than appeared on the surface. Had he continued to reign, he would have been a tremendous influence in the direction of social reform. . . . He was the most democratic King England ever knew."

When Christmas came, the new Duke of Windsor received in Vienna a cable from Jamaica which ran:

> Best Christmas greetings from an old Minister of the Crown who holds you in as high esteem as ever and regards you with deep and loyal affection, deplores the shabby and stupid treatment accorded to you, resents the mean and ungenerous attacks upon you, and regrets the loss sustained by the British Empire of a monarch who sympathized with the lowliest of his subjects.
>
> David Lloyd George.

FIVE months later the lives of the two royal brothers were approaching their culminating points. The one was to marry his friend, the other to be crowned. What was going on in the mind of the younger brother cannot yet be read between the lines of the documents. His previous history, however, his character, and above all the testimony of his elder brother, which has in no way changed, bear witness to the perfect loyalty of the

JOE McCARTHY

Manager of the Yankees,

says – "I relieve headache, jumpy nerves with Bromo-Seltzer"

PLENTY OF HEADACHES, NERVOUS STRAIN WHEN YOU'RE MANAGING A MAJOR-LEAGUE TEAM. LIKE MILLIONS OF OTHERS, I TAKE BROMO-SELTZER

- Headache strains your nerves. That's why headache is best treated with a remedy made to do at least 2 things . . . relieve *pain*—steady your *nerves*. Bromo-Seltzer does both. Tests by a group of doctors have proved this.

Take Bromo-Seltzer next time *your* head aches!* Right away it helps relieve the pain. You feel steadier, less dragged down. Keep it at home always. At all drugstores—soda fountains.

**For frequent or persistent headache, see your doctor. For ordinary headaches, take Bromo-Seltzer.*

ONLY PILOT to bag 3 straight World Series Championships! Marse Joe says: "A headache makes anybody edgy—and that's no good in baseball! Bromo-Seltzer relieves my headaches mighty fast—steadies my nerves, too." (Right) Masterminding from the dugout during a game at Yankee Stadium.

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When **headache** comes, think of your **nerves**—take

BROMO-SELTZER

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Itching Feet and Toes

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

new to the former King. The younger could not prevent anything which happened to the elder, and was now to see for himself how narrow was the circle, how illusory the power of the alleged most powerful King in the world.

On May 12, 1937, George VI sat in Westminster Abbey on the throne on which his predecessors had been crowned for six hundred years, surrounded by the most distinguished representatives of the entire Empire.

HE was not the first to come to the throne in an unexpected and even romantic way.

He had not striven for it. He had had no part in any of the currents which, in the three momentous months of the previous year, had led to the isolation of his brother and finally to what the Archbishop had revealed in the cautious word "surrender." Nothing had allured him to where he was sitting, and if anything gave him pleasure now, it was the sight of his young wife sitting on a second throne and acting her part of Queen with so much charm.

The sight can hardly have failed to carry his thoughts to his brother, who on April 27 had been enabled by the pronouncement of his friend's divorce decree to join her at last, at the chateau of friends, in order to prepare for their wedding. Perhaps the newly crowned King reflected that, in all the years since his marriage, he had not had to be separated from his wife for four weeks. Purely human feelings, a comparison of his marriage and his brother's prospective one, memories of their childhood and parents, surely united him in spirit with the man whose thoughts, at that moment, were in the Abbey.

Over there stood his mother, with her queenly bearing, adorned too with a crown. Her heart was strangely moved. A momentous episode had exiled one of her sons and put another in his place. There sat the latter in purple and a crown, with the scepter and the orb, the habiliments of fairyland, wearing the robes which would have been worn by his brother in the same Abbey at the same hour. They were both her sons. Unquestionably her first-born had his own place in her heart.

Across the sea he sat, listening at the radio to the coronation ceremony. Strange feelings, as if he were dead, must have beset him. The far-off, unseen spectacle was familiar to him, for he had knelt, a prince, before his father at the father's coronation. What had not happened since then! The world and its peoples, countries, mountains, rivers, battles and war—he had seen them all. But he had always been lonely. Now he was holding the hand of the woman he loved.

Their wedding was prepared. The former King, released to dukedom, was at last free to do for himself everything that had till then been ceremoniously done for him. With boyish freshness and a perpetual smile of gratitude, he played the master of the house as he does today; they might be a young couple in the middle twenties, enjoying themselves over furnishing a new home with taste. The fact that he can do everything himself—telephone, take his wife out, use the lift, and feed the dog—gives him the greatest joy, for these are the little signs of a great freedom he won with his wife.

He had fixed June 3, 1937, his father's birthday, for his wedding. Would his brothers come? And what clergyman would be so bold as to perform the ceremony? All dreaded having anything of such consequence to do with the fallen prince. Then one little-known clergyman, Jardine by name, offered to go over from a provincial town in England and marry the couple. He went, and there were indignant protests from his bishop and other ecclesiastical authorities.

SIX days before the wedding, however, the Duke of Windsor received a blow from home. Under the Great Seal of the Realm it had been ordained that he should be "entitled to hold and enjoy for himself only the title style or attribute of Royal Highness so however that his wife and descendants if any shall not hold the said title style or attribute."

When the newly crowned Queen, a Scottish lady, had married his brother, she had been accorded the title of Royal Highness "in accordance with the settled general rule that a wife takes the status of her husband." The same thing happened when his second brother married a duke's daughter.

What happened here was not merely of most questionable legality; it was a means of keeping him out of the country. For since the King who had abdicated had, in the Prime Minister's words, behaved as "a great gentleman," nobody could expect him to return with a wife who, formally speaking, had not been recognized. The Duke's marriage had been turned into a morganatic one—the very thing Baldwin had refused the King, on the ground that such marriage did not exist!

What feeling must have moved the heart of the younger brother, who loved his brother and predecessor, who had never said or felt anything against his prospective wife, whose whole character led him to shun anything that might hurt his brother!

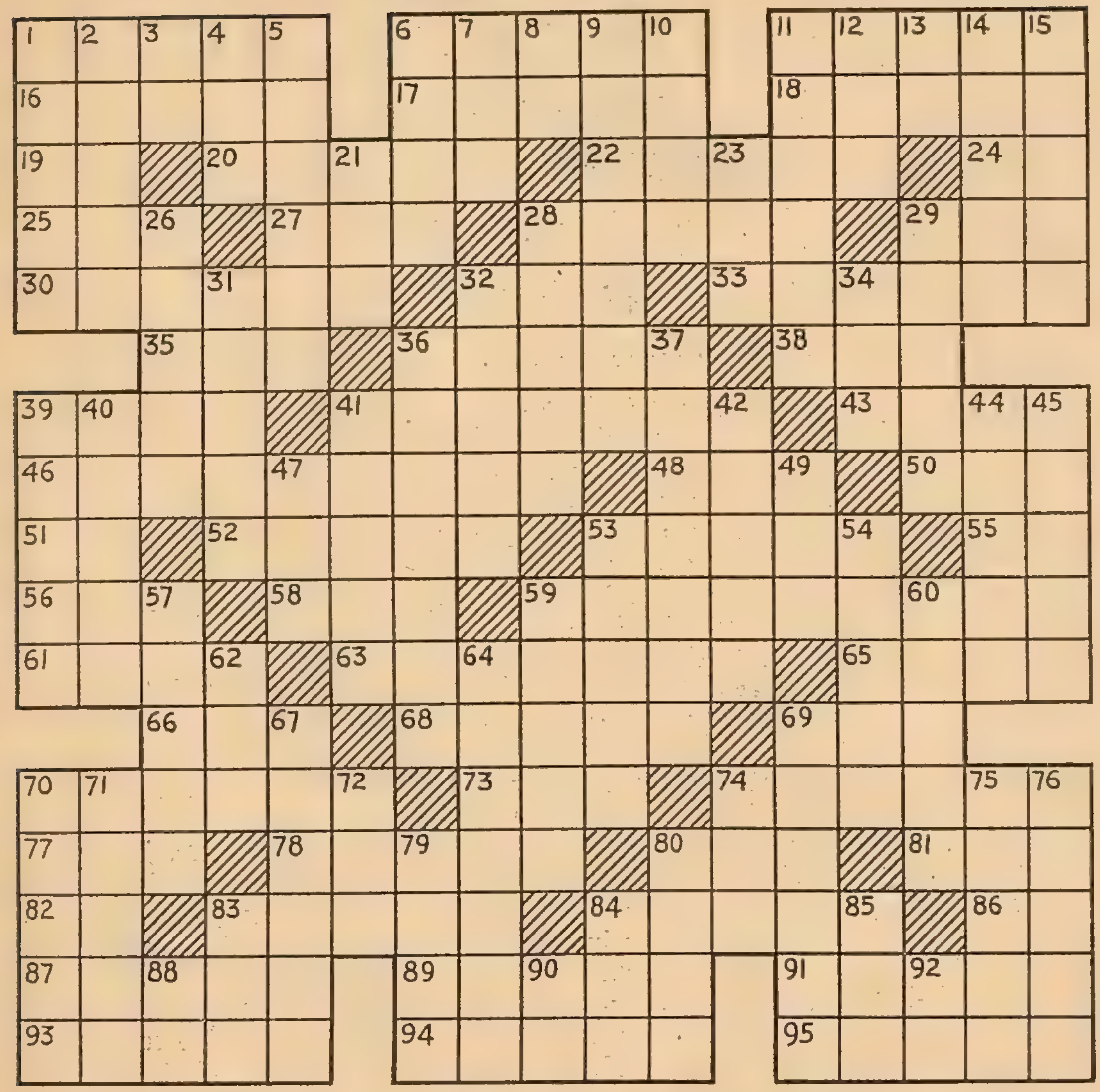
Now it was for him to realize the dangers of the Crown, the impotence of the Sultan whose part he was playing, the omnipotence of the Grand Vizier who had called himself the former King's friend for life.

But, to round off the tragicomedy, the same number of the official London Gazette which published this decision against the Duchess of Windsor on the eve of her marriage had another communication to make: An earldom had been conferred on the Right Honorable Stanley Baldwin.

THE END

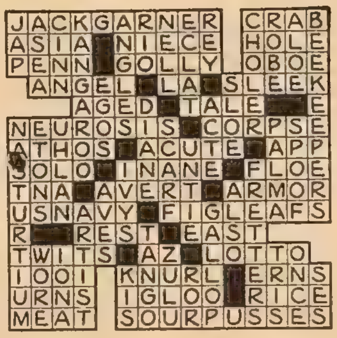
CROSSWORDS

by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

1 Female equines (pl.)
6 Spawns; said of oysters
11 Spirit
16 A mental image apart from reality
17 A light boat
18 More unusual
19 Not so
20 Gained again
22 An electrical device
24 Chemical symbol
25 State of good fortune (pl.)
27 Consume
28 A small fish
29 Part of the jawbone covering
30 Imbues with
32 Pronoun
33 Steal away
35 Boastful talk (slang)
36 English pottery
38 Aggregate
39 Asterisk
41 A summary
43 Inarticulate
46 Hurricanes
48 Man's name
50 A thick oily substance
51 Preposition
52 Stretches across
53 Sluggish
55 Egyptian god
56 Sped
58 Printer's measure (pl.)
59 Buildings
61 Spirit
63 Able to pay debts
65 Part of a railroad track (pl.)
66 A fish
68 Smiling
69 Comrade (colloq.)
70 An old dance
73 A poem
74 A kind of animal (pl.)
77 Before



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JACKGARNER CRAB
ASIA■NIECE HOLE
PENN■GOLLY OBOE
 ANGEL■LA■SLEEK
   AGED■TALE■■E
NEUROSIS■CORPSE
ATHOS■ACUTE■APP
SOLO■INANE■FLOE
TNA■AVERT■ARMOR
USNAVY■FIGLEAFS
R■■REST■EAST
TWITS■AZ■LOTTO
IOOI KNURL■ERNS
URNS IGLOO■RICE
MEAT SOURPUSSES
```

Last week's answer

78 Famous novelist
80 Winnow
81 Bird of the crow kind
82 Printed public notice (colloq.)
83 An article of furniture (var.)
84 Buildings that shelter stock
86 Prefix: two
87 More recent
89 Turkish money of account
91 Semiprecious stone (pl.)
93 Something that affords great pleasure
94 Sacred song
95 Calls

VERTICAL

1 Lacking (colloq.)
2 To take from some one else
3 Note of the scale
4 Part of the head
5 Slumbers
6 A Gael
7 Kitchen utensil
8 Article
9 A signal cartridge
10 Prophet
11 Grinds down
12 Dried grass
13 Conjunction
14 Whey
15 To outdo
21 Part of to be
23 Youth
26 Roll of tobacco (var.)
28 Projectiles
29 The entire range of anything
31 Gains deservedly
32 Investigates carefully
34 Something ruminated
36 Endorse
37 Prominent
39 Emporium
40 Pertaining to the quality of sound
41 Kind of cheese (pl.)
42 Cause to arise
44 A river in France
45 Kind of metal
47 Mimic
49 Skill
53 Girl's name
54 Man of enormous strength
57 Mother of pearl
59 Elude
60 Lubricated
62 Neither
64 Wild beast (fem.)
67 Entertain
69 Banner
70 Intended
71 Command
72 Place
74 Kind of fish
75 Article of furniture
76 Pertaining to a certain European country
79 Gather
80 A piece of cultivated land
83 Ocean
84 Babylonian god
85 Watering place
88 Pronoun
90 Parent (colloq.)
92 Part of to be

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

HERE'S A DIME! CLEAN OUT THAT RADIATOR WITH SANI-FLUSH. YOU'RE RUINING ME BIZNESS!
?! ! !
STEAM BATHS

This is a silly cartoon. But it is not as silly as waiting for your radiator to boil before you clean it out. Spend a dime (25c for the largest trucks and tractors) to *keep* the radiator circulating water freely.

Just pour Sani-Flush in with the water. Run the motor. Drain. Flush. Refill. (*Directions on the can.*) Sludge and sediment are flushed away. The cooling system is clean. You may save expensive repair bills too. It's easy to do yourself. If you prefer, ask your garage or service station to clean your radiator with Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC

KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

ROLL DEVELOPED Eight Guaranteed Prints, Two Beautiful Professional Enlargements, all for only 25¢. Very quick service. Expert workmanship. PERFECT FILM SERVICE, Dept. 20, LaCrosse, Wis.

Preferred
LUCKY TIGER
WITH OIL
LUCKY TIGER WITH OIL HAIR & SCALP

Made to control and beautify Dry, Unruly hair—To remove loose, unsightly dandruff—To allay annoying scalp itching—To relieve scalp irritations, thereby checking excessive falling hair. *Lucky Tiger WITH OIL at druggists, barbers, 10¢ Stores*

FREE! *Our New Lucky Tiger WITH OIL* is now being made for excessively dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ in stamps to pay packing and postage. LUCKY TIGER MFG. CO., Dept. 114, Kansas City, Mo.

FROM THE MAN WHO PAYS THE FREIGHT

BEAUFORT, S. C.—In all the hundreds of articles, thousands of pages, millions of words printed about the rail carriers in the past few years, have you ever seen anything that even remotely pretended to express the viewpoint of the most important factor in the equation—the man who pays the freight, the shipper of commodities in carload quantities? Of course, no!

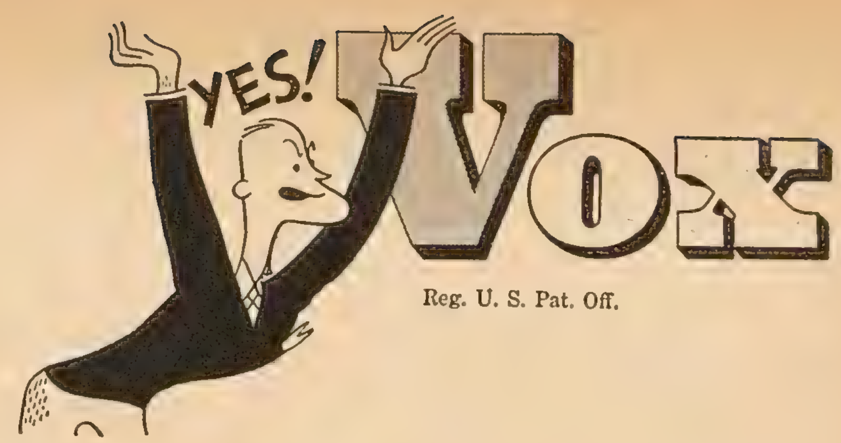
Do your readers know that, taking the Class 1 rail carriers of the country as a whole, their operations in (1) less than carload freight, (2) passenger traffic, (3) U. S. mails, (4) express, (5) warehousing, (6) switching and yard service, and (7) miscellaneous are now and always have been *conducted at a loss?* That the only branch of the railroad business that has ever made money is carload freight, and that traffic is burdened with excessive charges which carry in them not only whatever is necessary to pay profits, if any, on operations as a whole, but sufficient to make good the deficits created in the departments enumerated at the beginning of this paragraph? Startling, isn't it? Don't take my word for it—the figures are those of the Interstate Commerce Commission and/or the Association of American Railroads.

Consider what this means as a deterrent to industry when you take into account that most articles of commerce have gone through several processes of manufacture before they reach the w. k. ultimate consumer, in each step of which these excessive carload freight charges have been *pyramided.* Unique viewpoint, eh? Give it a thought.

When you have sped along on the de luxe air-conditioned streamlined limited train and passed countless miles of loaded freight cars, sidetracked so that the not only profitless passenger train on which you rode, but actual deficit creator, could go through without delay, has the anomalousness of the situation appealed to you? It does now, of course. Because of this and other facts, the average freight-train speed for the year 1935 (the latest figures I have before me—slightly faster now) was sixteen miles per hour. Consider the economics of that phase:

Suppose the rail carriers retired from the passenger-carrying business — they're going to have to do so! They have tried the high rates (3.6 cents per mile) and the low rates (1½ cents per mile) and still they lose about half a billion a year in that branch of their business—what would happen to carload freight? Its movement over the rails would be sped up at least 200 per cent. Most important of all, it would mean to the owner and shipper of carload commodities that the time in transit would be cut in half or to one third, and consequently the tying up of capital in commodities in transit (they all belong to some one) would be reduced 50 to 75 per cent. To illustrate, take the paper on which the Macfadden publications are printed. Suppose the time in transit were cut down to 25 or 33 per cent of that now consumed. Consider how much less capital would be required than is now tied up, useless. Multiply that by all the other industries of the country!

The average *loaded* freight car carries only about 50 per cent of its capacity, because in most instances the carload minimum fixed by the carriers is the reflection of conditions when freight cars were about half the size they are at present. It would be very simple to so arrange the tariffs of the carriers that shippers would load all cars to their full capacity. This would again cut down the requirement for cars another 50 per cent; that is, other than coal cars, which are not referred to in this discussion—coal and other similar commodities not affected by these considerations represent about 25 per cent of the tonnage of the carriers.—*Charles S. Allen.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

DOESN'T ARTHUR DONOVAN KNOW HIS FIGHTERS?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. — Mr. Arthur Donovan doesn't know his fighters! In July 1 Liberty he says that in the Louis-Braddock fight Braddock floored Louis in the third round. *It was the first round.*

He also says Louis started his comeback, after Schmeling beat him, against Jorge Brescia. *It wasn't. It was against Jack Sharkey.*

He also says that the Louis-Mann drew a large crowd because Mann was a terrific hitter. *Mann is rated a powder-puff puncher.*

Tell Arthur to brush up on his history of fights and fighters. My apology to Arthur, but we think he is a better referee than author.—*Three Fight Fans.*

MAKES DECENCY SPARKLING

ROCKFORD, ILL.—Page W. H. Temple, who wrote Disturbance on Detler Street (June 17 Liberty). He makes decency sparkling, snappy, and fascinating. I love that story.—*Catherine Harty.*

MEDICO PUTS A QUESTION TO MR. MACFADDEN

FAIRMONT, MINN.—In his June 24 Liberty editorial Mr. Macfadden states: "Doctors everywhere recognize the importance of preventive medicine, but they have few opportunities to use such knowledge."

Does Mr. Macfadden not realize that the marked reduction in mortality from smallpox, typhoid fever, and diphtheria is due very largely to intensive application of preventive medicine? — *R. A. Youngman, M. D.*

WHAT COURSE DID DR. COOK STEER BY COMPASS?

CORAL GABLES, FLA.—Referring to Dr. Cook's Stand at Pole (June 24 Vox Pop), if Vox Popper W. C. Russell will read pages 312 and 313 of the book Thar She Blows, by Captain John A. Cook and myself, he will learn that there is very much doubt as to whether Dr. Frederick A. Cook ever stood at or sat on the North Pole. Neither he nor Peary ever satisfactorily answered the query: "What course did you steer by compass to make a north course?"—*Samson S. Pederson.*

NO SALARY, BUT HONOR!

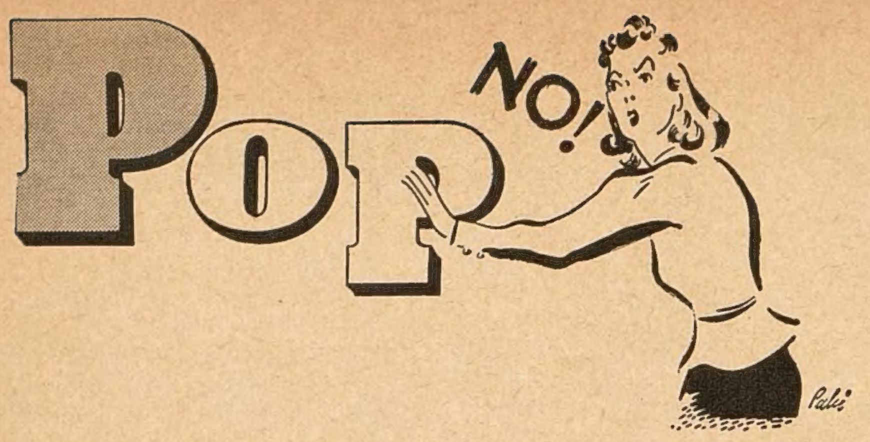
ON THE ROAD, U. S. A.—Like the tiger who has the lady inside him, Big Bill smiles on the young man. "You're doing such a swell job on the Board of Estimate, I've decided also to place you on the Indian Lakes Commission. There's no salary, but it's a great honor."

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Bill!" exclaims the flattered chap. "I'll run over and tell Old Doc about my good fortune. He's been so kind to me."

But when the young feller told Old Doc, he shook his head. "Don't accept, my lad," he says.

"But, Doc, this is a great honor. Big Bill said so."

"Maybe it is an honor. But it is also a state appointment." With that Old Doc reaches to the shelf for the Laws of 1931. "Chapter 243 says that if any one accepts a state position he must automatically vacate his place on the Board of Estimate."



"But I don't understand. Why should Bill do this to me?"

Old Doc smiles. "You are the only member of the Board of Estimate who is not a rubber stamp. You think for yourself—and Big Bill doesn't like the way you have spoiled some of his deals."

"So that's it, eh?"

Old Doc pats the young man's shoulder. "Big Bill put Chapter 243 on the books for such a purpose."

The young man looks sheepish.

"Beware of the Greeks or any one else who brings you gifts," says Old Doc.—*Ambrose.*

MORAL COMIC STRIPS

SHORT HILLS, N. J.—Both Mr. J. A. Simpson (May 6 Vox Pop) and Mr. E. M. Roberson (June 17 Vox Pop) denounce the comic strips seen in the daily newspapers today. Both men agree they foment crime and murder. It seems to this reader that these two men read the wrong kind of comics. Yes, one can look for and read trash if he wants to, but he can also spurn the poorer class of cartooning and search for better. It is there if these gentlemen will but look for it. What is wrong with Reamer Keller's Hardtack, Chic Young's Blondie, Fred Neher's Uptown and Down, Billy de Beck's Barney Google, Percy Crosby's Skippy, Ham Fisher's Joe Palooka, etc., and countless others?

If Mr. Simpson and Mr. Roberson will both look on the bright side, they will find there are still many, many cartoons and comic strips with a purpose and a moral good for grown-ups as well as children.—*Chet Cook.*

MISTAKES THAT DOCTORS AND HOSPITALS MAKE

NORFOLK, VA. — Here's a suggestion for a new column in Liberty: Mistakes that Doctors and Hospitals Make.

I can send you two that happened in America that I know of. One: The son of a teacher in a high school was taken to a hospital for an acute appendicitis operation. By mistake, his tonsils were removed. When the error was noticed, he was too weak for the needed operation and died from the effects of his affected appendix.

The other case was that of a young lady to be operated on for tonsils. They started to prepare her for an appendicitis operation. She was curious and said to the nurse, "Do you have to do this to every one who has their tonsils removed?" The nurse said, "Why, I thought that you were to have your appendix removed."

Evidently there would be thousands of readers of Liberty who would send you in similar items.—*E. J. Miller.*

8,000 CREDIT UNIONS VITALLY INTERESTED

CINCINNATI, OHIO—May I congratulate you on the excellent article in June 24 Liberty written by the Rev. Ignatius W. Cox, S. J., entitled I Saw a People Rising from the Dead. It is such a splendid article that I am wondering if you would have any objection if we reprinted it, giving credit to Liberty.

The credit unions in the United States now number 8,000 and have two million members, approximately two hundred million dollars in assets. All of our members will be vitally interested in this article.

As a matter of fact, you may be interested at some later date to carry an article on the development in the United States.—*Louise McCarren.*

SUCH RATS IN THE WORLD!

TUCSON, ARIZ.—That man Gerrity, of Undercover Man (June 3 Liberty), should feel proud of himself, or Webb Waldron thinks he has a good sense of humor.

It is alleged there are such rats in the world. Gerrity the invincible! Gerrity the *gentleman* who is proud of himself for wrecking youth!

Gerrity — has he ideals? Has he anything that is big and fine?

Gerrity is alleged to have sacrificed youth for a two-dollar raise.—*Ruth Fuller.*

AMUNDSEN WAS FIRST

SALEM, IA.—Question No. 14 of June 24 Twenty Questions asked: "Who first traversed the Northwest Passage?" Your answer was, "Amundsen, in 1903-6."

I have before me a map of North America. On this there is a line running as follows: Through Bering Strait, through Prince of Wales Strait, Melville Sound, Barrow Strait, Lancaster Sound, Baffins Bay, and Davis Strait to Newfoundland. Above the line it reads: "North West passage accomplished by Capt. McClure in 1852."

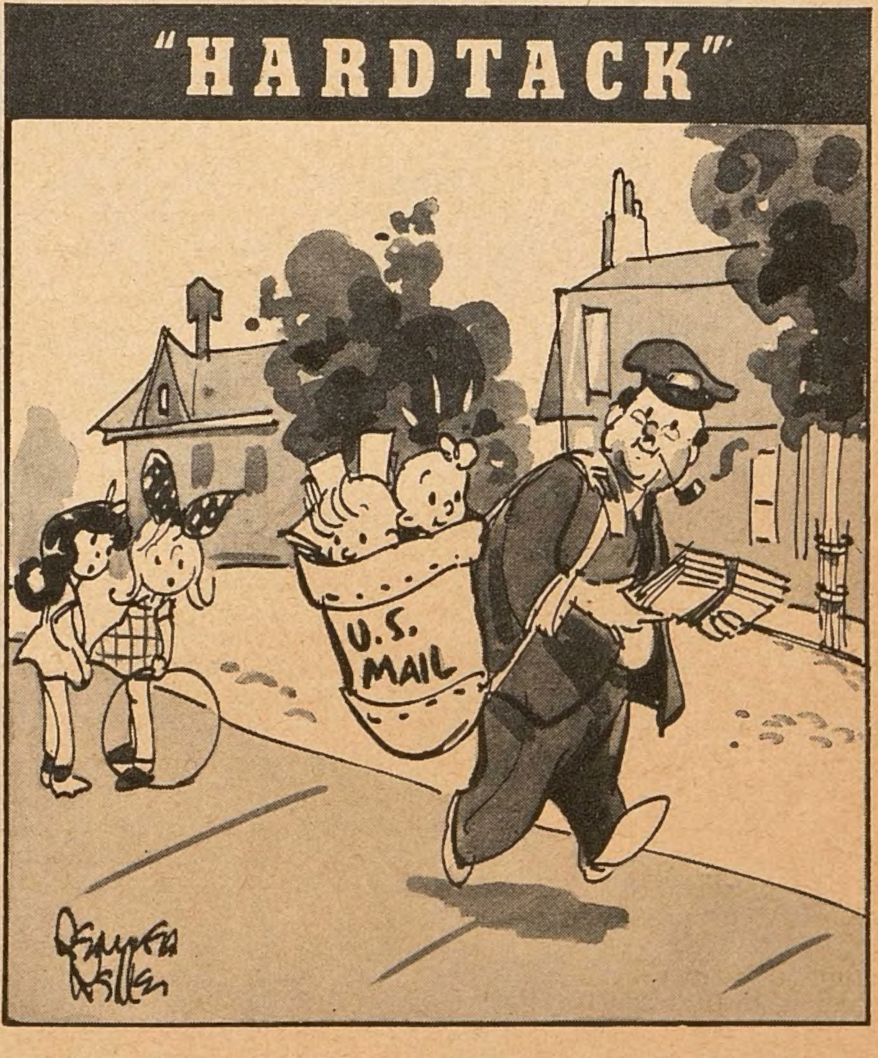
Would you please stand corrected?—*R. G. McDowell.*

[No, we don't think we'll stand corrected, but stand on our statement. We recommend that you read The North-West Passage, by R. E. G. Amundsen, or Handbook of Polar Exploration, by A. W. Greely.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

HURRAH FOR LOVE AFTER FORTY!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Hurrah for our side! It is about time some one debunked the idea that successful men shelve their wives for younger, more alluring women just because success goes to their heads. Ditto for those home truths in Love After Forty, as related anonymously to Clara Belle Thompson and Margaret Lukes Wise (April 29 Liberty).

To my way of thinking, women more than men are responsible for the break-up of middle-aged marriages. Wanta bet?—*Arthur Davis.*



"It's lucky for us you came along, Mr. Pressler—some one swiped all our clothes down at the swimmin' hole."

Is Father Coughlin Anti-Semitic?

FULTON OURSLER
© George Maillard Kesslere

IF YOU WERE to ask the question, “ Who is the greatest anti-Semite in America? ” a great many people would promptly answer, “ Father Coughlin! ” Yet the radio priest denies that he is anti-Semitic at all. Some time ago, at Coughlin’s request, Edward Doherty went to Detroit and talked to the spellbinder of the Shrine of the Little Flower. Now Doherty has written an account of that conversation, in which the subject of Jews and Communism is exhaustively discussed. We believe that in publishing this interview we are serving democracy. With a great deal that we have heard Father Coughlin say on the radio we enthusiastically disagree. Yet he has a large audience and wide influence. If a great many people believe that Father Coughlin is anti-Semitic, and in Liberty he is willing to explore those charges and put himself on record that he is nothing of the kind, then to publish this repudiation is a kind of public service.

How accurate are Father Coughlin’s facts?

That is the other side of the story—one that will be told to you in next week’s issue by Mr. George Britt of the New York World-Telegram.

As always, Liberty gives a fair hearing to both sides in every important issue.

DEATH LOOKS FOR CINDERELLA is the title of a new novel by Margaret E. Sangster which begins in the new issue. I recommend the whole issue unreservedly. The table of contents includes, in addition to three good short stories, Tennis Is a Dub’s Game, by Helen Hull Jacobs; I Was a Showman, Too, by James J. Walker, former mayor of New York; and This Way Out, by General Johnson Hagood.

GLEANINGS: Senator Footloose sends the following: “ Senator Bennett Champ Clark says, ‘ I will be chairman of the Missouri delegation at the 1940 convention, if it is the last thing I do. If Roosevelt is renominated for a third term, I am going to lead the delegation right off the floor. I’ve got to have some place to lead it. If the Republicans nominate a sound liberal, like Vandenberg, I’ll support him.’ The Republicans are debating whether they should not pledge their nominee to a single term as a dramatic countermove. The argument would be: ‘ Our nominee pledges himself to clean up the New Deal mess. He does not want to spend his first term building fences for a second term. Elect him and a Republican Congress to help him and we will go to work at once to clean up the country.’ The people behind this argument are telling the Dewey campaigners that Dewey shouldn’t run in 1940. They want Dewey to be Attorney General, and then be the candidate in 1944.” . . . Well, a lot of people have wanted Dewey to do a lot of things, but his strength in public office is that he always does what *he* thinks is right. . . . Mrs. D. B. Gambill, 223 Bluff Avenue, North Augusta, South Carolina, says: “ As this is my first fan letter and I am in my eighties, do hope it will get due consideration.” She then gives me the facts about Joseph Collins, twenty-year-old boy who couldn’t swim a stroke but who dived eighteen feet from the top of a dam to save the life of a six-year-old boy. He seemed to learn how to swim instantaneously, because he got the child and himself safely to shore. Thanks, Mrs. Gambill, for a story of real courage and humanity. . . . Another elderly lady marked her letter “ not for publication.” She signed it “ Just an unimportant old woman but a loyal American,” and, for Mr. Macfadden and myself, I want to say thanks for her kindly words. . . . From Joseph F. Timilty, Police Commissioner of Boston, about his article on boy police: “ We are starting a summer camp for the members of our Boys’ Junior Police Corps in Weston, Massachusetts. We hope to accommodate all members of the Corps, allowing weekly vacation periods for groups of fifty boys, under strict supervision of camp counselors and police officers. The expenses are paid by the generosity of public-spirited citizens and civic organizations in Boston. There will be, of course, no cost to the boys. I wish to express my sincere thanks for everything Liberty has done to give the Junior Police movement such tremendous impetus.” . . . From Margaret E. Sangster, a book of verses called All Through the Day. These are lovely songs, touching and sometimes irresistibly moving, especially those two sonnets on Death in the Spring. Thanks, Margaret, for the much appreciated inscription. . . . From the Rev. Dr. J. Ernest Thompson, pastor of the Belmont Baptist Church, Belmont, New York: “ This is to register my sincere and heartfelt appreciation of the true spirit of Americanism shown in Lowell Thomas Entertains a Stranger, and Communists Are Liars. I am a naturalized American citizen, a native of Canada. Yet, I recognize 100-per-cent Americanism and fearless expression when I come in contact with it. That’s what we need more of in this age, when ‘ all hell ’ seems to be let loose. Do you know, sometimes around the Fourth of July I resurrect a carefully preserved copy of Liberty, July 13, 1935, and read over the Declaration of Independence. I feel somewhat like the proprietor of a country store I read of once. It was somewhere ‘ out where the West begins,’ or a little farther out. He tacked up a copy of this wonderful document on the wall, and any stranger who read it over without shedding tears—well, the old storekeeper would not extend any credit to such specimens! ”

FOR OUR CAN SUCH THINGS BE? gallery, Miss Gladys M. Bates of California sends us an item that tells how Willard Ness of Hebron, Nebraska, received a check for three cents in payment of his former account in a bank liquidation. It cost him five cents to cash the check!

ALL LIBERALS WITH COMMON sense will enjoy the following quotation from Ernst Schreyer, first vice-mayor of Königsdorf: “ Cows and cattle which were bought from Jews directly or indirectly may not be bred with the community bull.”

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

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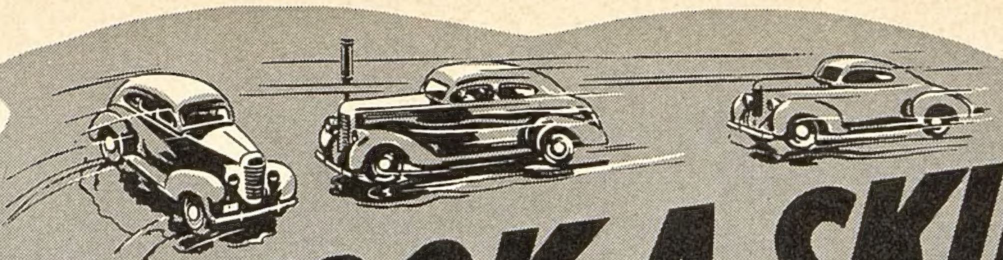
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY CROSBY DE MOSS



IT TOOK A SKID TO WAKE ME UP...

—now I play safe with the New Goodrich Tire that sweeps wet roads so dry you can

LIGHT A MATCH ON ITS TRACK!

"IT WASN'T the first time I'd skidded but I made up my mind it would be the last. I investigated plenty of tires. But when a Goodrich dealer showed me the road-drying action of the new Silvertown—when he showed me you could actually light a match on its dry-swept track—it was easy to see why this new Silvertown would stop me quicker and safer. Since I put Silvertowns on my car, rainy day driving is hardly any different than driving at other times."

Thousands of other motorists who have switched to Goodrich Safety Silvertowns are just as enthusiastic! And no wonder. The Life-Saver Tread is giving them the quickest non-skid stops they've ever had... they're getting new peace-of-mind on wet, slippery roads.

And, don't forget, "Silvertown Safety" means even more! It means the blow-out protection, too, of the famous Golden Ply!

For safety *tomorrow*, get Silvertowns *today*—at your nearest Goodrich dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store. There is no extra cost!

Goodrich Silvertown
Goodrich Silvertown

LIKE A BATTERY OF WINDSHIELD WIPERS this Life-Saver Tread sweeps wet roads dry—*so dry* you can light a match on its track! No wonder this new Silvertown once again won "hands down" in non-skid tests conducted by Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory—against both *regular* and premium-priced tires of America's six largest tire manufacturers.

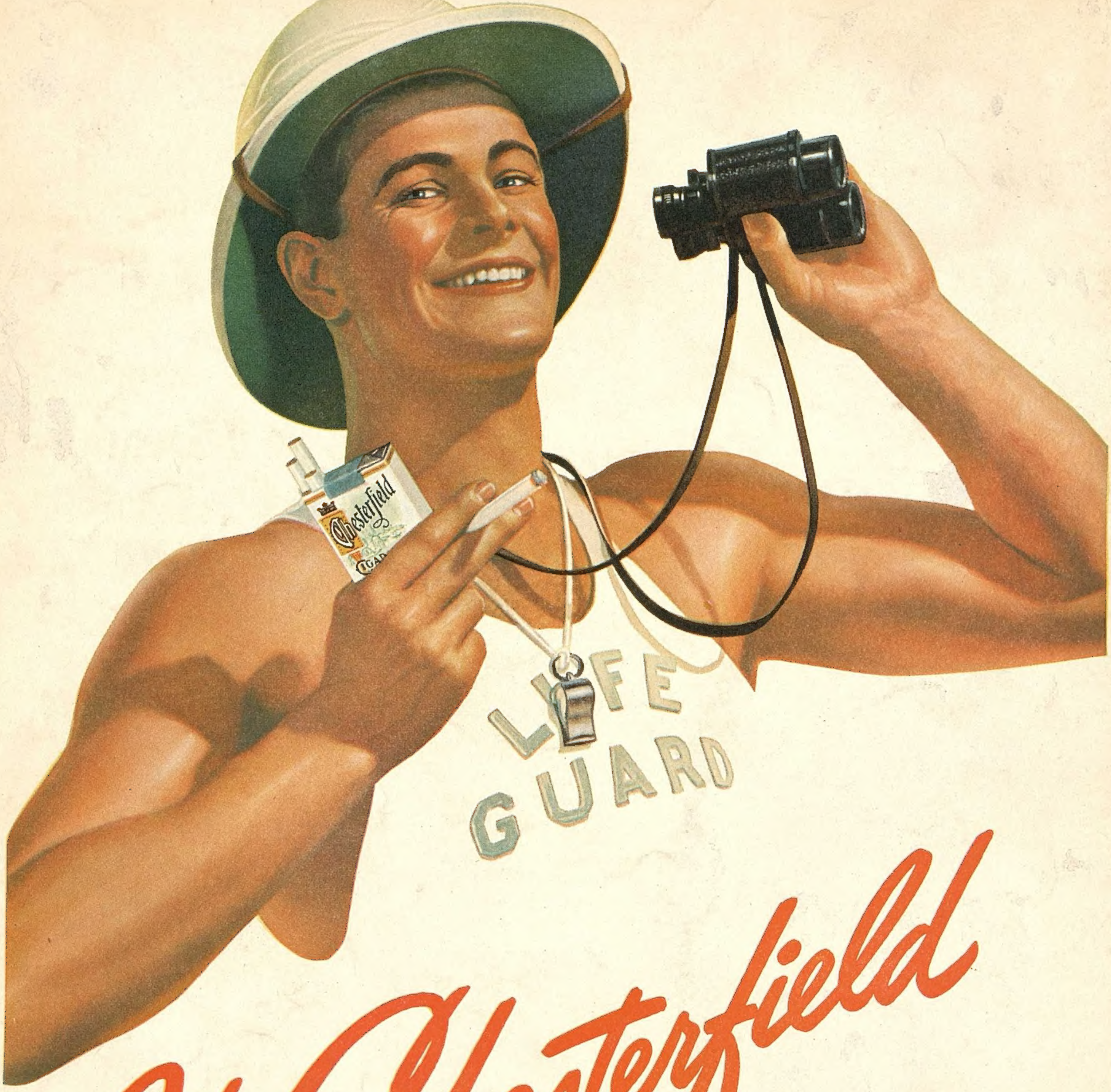
JIMMIE LYNCH
Goodrich

DEATH-DEFYING LEAP OVER A TRUCK! One of the thrilling stunts performed by Jimmie Lynch and his daredevils in the Goodrich Arena at the New York World's Fair . . . dramatic proof that the husky Silvertown can stand up under more punishment than you will ever give it in ordinary driving.

LOOK WHAT YOU GET IN THIS NEW GOODRICH TIRE... *AT NO EXTRA COST*

Life-Saver Tread Skid Protection . . . *Golden Ply* Blowout Protection . . . *More tread rubber* for months of extra mileage . . . New *Hi-Flex Cord* for greater strength . . . *Double Cord Breaker Strips* to absorb road shock and resist bruising . . . *Double-Cured* for extra toughness *all* the way through . . . New *Streamlined Sidewall Design* to beautify your car.

Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown


Chesterfield
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